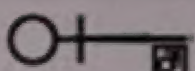


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# PENTHOUSE

APRIL 2007

LIFE ON TOP 

# DITA

## OPENS UP

See What  
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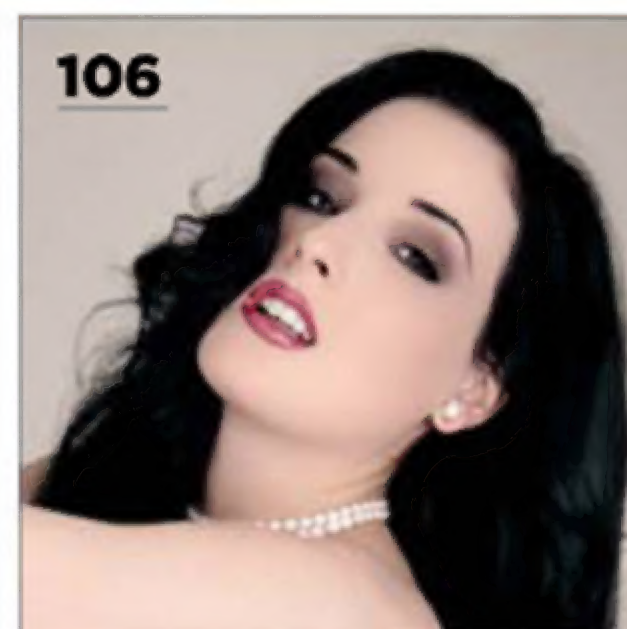
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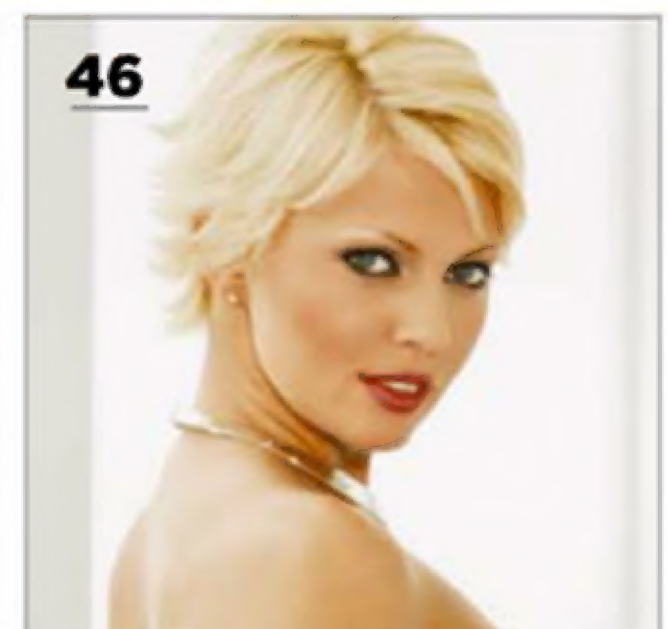
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04.2007


Okay, so we've got a thing for women. Maybe you've noticed. And really, why wouldn't we? The women we know are pretty remarkable. They're fierce and foxy, and funny as hell. They drive us mad, keep us sane, and inspire us to do all sorts of daring, foolish, even honorable things we'd never have the nerve to do without them.

And if we've learned anything concrete about them, it's that the best women are the ones who keep us on our toes. If we don't have to hustle to keep up, we slow down, get bored, and start groping around for the remote. In other words, we can handle a little hard-to-handle.

The following 140 pages are filled with just our kind of trouble. There's not a prude, priss, or doormat among them—from Anna Benson, baseball's most outspoken wife, to Jane Birkin, French film's premiere seductress. In between is April Pet of the Month Erica Campbell (page 76), the skydiving star of *Danni.com*; 2003 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Kelle Marie (page 46); and Ava Rose (below, and on page 126), who possesses the beauty of a hothouse orchid but has the constitution of a girl who's weathered two decades of Alaskan winters. And Ava wasn't the only female powerhouse on the set when her eight-page pictorial was shot; she was photographed by Emma Nixon (right), our Pet of the Month in February 1995. On page 100, we profile a New York nightclub photographer who has a curious



sway over women; he makes a living shooting the most elusive and alluring of New York's night crawlers, who never forget to flash him more than a smile.

And how can we neglect the newly liberated Dita Von Teese (page 106)? She's taking burlesque to the mainstream and proving that sex appeal can be as timeless as a well-laced corset or as dirty as a three-olive martini. As for life after Marilyn Manson? Well, since Dita has never been hotter, our guess is it's going to be a cinch. Enjoy. 



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## WICKED WEEKEND

Every year when our husbands take off on their annual hunting weekend, my friend Marielle and I spend the afternoon shopping. Afterward, we go back to my place to shower, dress up, and go out for dinner and drinks.

When we got home this year, Marielle and I changed into our nightgowns and opened a bottle of wine. But instead of just enjoying the wine and watching a chick flick that our husbands would hate, we decided to watch some porn.

The scenes were pretty hot, and I didn't know how Marielle was feeling, but after two

steamy hours of blowjobs, girl-on-girl sex, and threesomes, I was really aroused. I knew I would end up frustrated beyond description if I didn't get off soon. I told Marielle that maybe watching the video without the guys wasn't one of our better ideas, and Marielle agreed. But then she gave me a wicked smile and said if I was game, we could satisfy each other! This took me by surprise, but it also intensified the rising heat within me. I had nothing to lose but my horniness, so I lay back on the sofa and said, "Show me."

Marielle leaned over me, unbuttoned my night-

gown, and started swirling her tongue around my stiff nipples, sending shock waves straight to my clit. She slowly kissed and licked her way down to my belly button before pausing to pull down my thong. Then she planted hot kisses along the inside of my thighs, and my entire body trembled in anticipation of where she was headed. Finally, Marielle placed her mouth over my engorged clit and gave it a lingering kiss before plunging two fingers inside me.

It was hard to believe that this was Marielle's first time eating pussy because she was doing everything right—

in fact, it felt even better than when my husband ate me out! It must be a girl thing. In no time at all, I shuddered through my first orgasm.

There was no turning back now. We hurried into the bedroom and got naked. I guided Marielle onto the bed and slowly snaked down between her legs, capturing her sweet nectar on my tongue and lips and ultimately driving her over the edge of passion.

Then I grabbed my favorite dildo from the nightstand, turned Marielle over, and buried the rubber cock deep inside her juicy snatch.

"Fuck me, Brianna!" she screamed. "Fuck me hard!"

"She **pulled down my thong**, then planted **hot kisses** along the **inside of my thighs**, and my **entire body trembled** in anticipation."



As I plunged the dildo in and out I reached under Marielle, and as soon as I touched her clit, she cried out that she was coming. Watching Marielle quake with pleasure as she came was the most erotic thing I had ever seen.

After Marielle fucked me with the dildo, we thrilled each other in a long and passionate sixty-nine that sent us both beyond reason.

We waited a month to tell the guys about our new experience, and of course they insisted that we let them watch us together—which turned out to be even more exciting. The next time we get together will be to swap husbands!—*B.C., Virginia*

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### SEMINAL SEMINAR

I'm a 23-year-old guy with a thing for older women, so as soon as I met Dana while attending a business seminar, I had visions of fucking this beautiful woman in every way imaginable. Dana, who looked to be about 30, was an incredibly beautiful brunette with almond-shaped eyes and a sexy smile. As for her figure, even the tailored business suit she wore could not conceal her luscious curves. And the fact that she wore a wedding ring still didn't prevent me from lusting after her.

I made it a point to chat her up at every opportunity, and at the end of the first day's session, I asked her to meet me for dinner. She declined my offer and said she had a few errands to run, but suggested that we meet in a few hours for a drink in the hotel lounge. I wasn't sure if this would lead to anything more, but I felt encouraged.

I returned to my room, ordered room service, and showered. Then I pulled on some jeans and a sweater and headed down to the lounge to meet Dana. As soon as I walked in, I saw her

We ordered drinks and talked easily about a range of subjects. When the conversation turned personal, Dana shocked me by revealing her age—38—and that she had two children. This knowledge turned me on even more. My cock was about ready to burst through my pants!

When I told Dana how young I thought she looked, she reached for my hand and thanked me for the compliment. I told her that her husband was a lucky man to have such a beautiful and desirable wife.

"Maybe you should tell my husband that," Dana said. "He hasn't wanted to get lucky with me for a couple of years now."

It was now or never, so I told Dana that I would love to get lucky with her. I wasn't sure how she would react as I sat there with my cock straining against my fly. We locked fingers while I waited for Dana to make the next move. It didn't take long. She slid beside me and placed her hand in my lap. Then she ran her fingers along the full length of my erection.

"I haven't felt one of these



"Oh! What a beautiful cock!" Dana gasped as she got down on her knees and hungrily took me in her mouth. She never came up for air; she just kept deep-throating my shaft until I erupted, then she swallowed my entire load.

She quickly stripped off her own clothes and pulled

licking and sucking Dana's sweet snatch as she flailed wildly, thrusting her pelvis toward my mouth.

I paused for a moment to get a grip on her gyrating hips and she screamed, "Oh, don't stop, baby! Keep sucking my pussy!" None of the women I'd been with had ever come so hard. I was happy to please her, but my cock wanted to get inside her in the worst way.

Crying out for me to fuck her, Dana pulled me up for a kiss. While we tongue-wrestled, I drilled my cock hard into her juicy cunt.

"Oh, God! You feel so good!" Dana cried as she wrapped her legs around me. "I want you to come inside me!" I slammed my cock into her again and again. Then we were both coming simultaneously and I exploded deep inside her. "Oh, yes! I'm coming. I'm coming!" Dana yelled.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

"When I told **Dana how young** she looked, she ... **thanked me** for the compliment and said, 'Maybe you **should tell** my husband that.' "

sitting in a booth. When she spotted me, she smiled and waved me over. No longer in business attire, Dana was wearing jeans and a low-cut top that clung to her firm tits and showed a lot of cleavage. I started getting a woody just looking at her and imagining how it would feel to have my face pressed against that cleavage.

in a long time," Dana said. "I think we could both make each other very happy tonight."

I paid the bill and we headed up to Dana's room. I've never had a woman undress me before, but as soon as we were in the room and behind closed doors, Dana pretty much ripped off my clothes.

me down on the bed with her. Then she guided my hand down to her pussy, which was soaking wet. While I thumbed her clit and finger-fucked her juicy cunt, I gorged myself on her breasts.

"I need you to eat me out, now!" Dana cried out, placing her hands on my head and pushing me downward. I dove right in, eagerly





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## The Skin Crowd

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**Guido Argentini (far left):** "What I want to 'say' when I take a photograph doesn't really matter. It is always the viewer with his culture, sensitivity, and sexual orientation that gives a particular meaning to an image."

**Florian Lohmann (top right):** "I like to play with unusual locations, to tell a little story, a little fantasy, a little fairy tale.... My mind was twisted by being a German boy raised between crazy proud Latinos and those beautiful Mexican girls."

**John Chilton (bottom right):** "I set out to make my work appeal equally to both men and women, as I do feel there is a commercial bias towards male gratification.... My elder brother always had 'men's magazines' in the house. A woman in suspenders, stockings, and high heels is still high on my wish list."

When you call it art, you can keep really hot photos right there on the coffee table. No one pulls this trick off like Taschen, the art-book publisher that made smut a cultural celebration. This new collection features the sexiest nudes you're likely to see outside the pages of *Penthouse*, including work by Steve Diet Goedde, Natacha Merritt, Craig Morey, Dave Naz, and many others—and was com-

plied by acclaimed adult editor Dian Hanson (*The History of Girly Magazines*, *The Big Book of Breasts*) and fetish photographer Eric Kroll. The international cast of visionaries capture the allure of women doing everything from eating ice cream or licking their own nipples to lounging languidly for a smoke or simply showing off a sumptuous behind; the book includes quotations from the photogs

articulating their inspiration.

Paris-based Hervé Lewis, who shot the gorgeous glutes at left, explains his life's work: "I am often asked why I shoot women from the back. Because a woman's personality is in her butt. A woman's butt is the truth about the woman."

The collection glimpses inside the minds of those who make a living getting women to reveal their naked beauty. It also includes thoughts on

eroticism, art, nudity, and pornography; this commentary is the perfect complement to the snapshots. Guido Argentini, who's a frequent contributor to *Penthouse*, says, "That line between erotic photography and pornography is a line I like to walk on." Since the results are incredibly arousing, as you can see from the voyeuristic glimpse above, we'll keep sharing them with the world. 





# Square Pegg

» In *Hot Fuzz*, the team that brought you *Shaun of the Dead* transports the buddy-cop flick to rural England.



Thirty-seven-year-old British actor Simon Pegg may be the most unlikely action hero ever to hit the big screen. He slayed the undead in *Shaun of the Dead* and even had a small role in *Mission: Impossible: 3*, but he's better suited to comic relief than savior of mankind. For *Hot Fuzz*, though, he did his own stunts, leaping three-foot fences, chasing perps in grocery stores, and skidding out on his bicycle. "The brake on the bike I rode wasn't that good," Pegg says, "so I had to use a lot of legwork and hips." In fact, Pegg put in four months of rigorous preparation for the role: "I wasn't allowed to go to the pub at all. I didn't drink beer for a long, long time." Did Tom Cruise train that hard for *M:I:III*? Not bloody likely.

*Hot Fuzz* reunites the *Shaun* team, with Edgar Wright directing the script he wrote with Pegg and the lovably doughy Nick Frost costarring. It pays homage to the *Lethal Weapon*-style movies before it, featuring plenty of explosions, macho swagger, and big fucking guns. It also skewers those buddy-cop stereotypes.

"British cops just aren't cool," Pegg says. "They're seen as 'the Bobby'—a friendly, pat-your-kid-on-the-head kind of guy. We're bereft of that one totem of complete power. We don't have guns. But here there's a plot twist that enables the guys to arm up." And Pegg believes American audiences will get the fish and chips-flavored humor: "I think audiences are very clever and will find the humor fairly universal."

*Shaun*, which found rabid fans in theaters and on DVD, proved that America is indeed ready for Pegg's



Pegg's cop character is so good that his coworkers get him booted from London to a small town, where a cop's average day entails chasing waterfowl.

uniquely British brand of satire. It also helped Wright and Pegg score big names for *Hot Fuzz*, including cameos by Academy Award winner Jim Broadbent and former 007 Timothy Dalton. And while Pegg isn't eschewing fame and fortune, he's content making a big impact on smaller films—and occasionally hanging out with kings-of-the-movie-geek directors Quentin Tarantino and Peter Jackson. "Being a cult is *always* cooler than being a box-office smash," Pegg says. "I'd much rather be a cult—and please don't print that the wrong way."

#### HOT FUZZ: THE REVIEW

No, this is not an X-rated remake of the 1972 Burt Reynolds cop comedy *Fuzz*, but it does concern the police, in a way—it's about classic club-wielding British law-enforcement officers called *coppers*. What screenwriters Wright and Pegg have done here is create a cop comedy to end all cop comedies. It's definitely the hippest British cop flick ever made—not that there's a lot of competition. The cast is brilliant—a veritable who's who of cool British actors, from Bill Nighy to Steve Coogan. And wait till you see Timothy Dalton's classic delivery, which only a grinch of the highest order would spoil for you. The essential story is this: Pegg plays Sergeant Nicholas Angel, who is such a good cop that he makes the entire London police force look bad, so they transfer him to an idyllic community in northern England where nothing sinister ever happens. Well, until Sergeant Angel gets to work and hilarity ensues. This is easily the funniest film you'll see this year.—Harry Knowles

Simon Pegg as  
super-Bobby  
Nicholas  
Angel





**PREVIEWS**



# Movie Mayhem

» Brace yourself for some of the most outrageous horror and humor to hit theaters in ages.

## Grindhouse

**Kurt Russell, Freddy Rodriguez, Rose McGowan**  
**Directors:** Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez

This strange love child is less a movie and more an event that the directors are staging to unleash upon the masses. The double feature, with its phony trailers, is meant to simulate an evening at the raunchiest non-porn theater on the planet. The title comes from the old theater palaces that had fallen into disrepair by the seventies and would "grind out" movies without breaks, letting the film get dirty, melted, and scratched. The result has been re-created here, making every second feel gritty and uncertain, like you shouldn't really be seeing what you're seeing.

Which director's segment opens the movie will depend on what part of the country

you're in, but both versions will be separated by four crazy fake trailers from Edgar Wright (*Shaun of the Dead*), Rob Zombie (*The Devil's Rejects*), Eli Roth (*Hostel*), and Rodriguez. As for the films, Rodriguez's *Planet Terror* is utterly insane. It started out as a 15-page zombie movie that Rodriguez had lying around for a decade, and turned into an 80-minute hyper-zombie adrenaline-pumped mini-epic. All hell breaks loose outside Austin, Texas, when a biochemical weapon is released from an abandoned military base and pus-filled zombies start gnawing on the locals. This is a cinematic party that theater managers are just not going to be ready for.

Then there's Tarantino's *Death Proof*, starring Kurt Russell. For fans of Russell's John Carpenter work (*Escape From New York*, *The Thing*), his collaboration with Tarantino alone is enough to get you into the theater. He plays a psychotic stuntman who uses his car to kill women, and Tarantino has overloaded the flick with gals well worth stalking: Rosario Dawson, Vanessa Ferlito, Jordan Ladd, Mary Elizabeth Winstead, and Zoe Bell. Nobody should reveal more about this 90-minute feature than the fact that Tarantino set out to create the greatest car chase in cinematic history. So how'd he do? It's totally badass.

Opposite page: Photographs by (Fido) Michael Courtney





## Fido

**Carrie-Anne Moss, Billy Connolly, Dylan Baker**  
**Director:** Andrew Currie

This zombie movie is set in the *Leave It to Beaver* world of that utopian period of American bliss when everything was sweet and happy. But like an odd, twisted Douglas Sirk fifties drama, there's something more sinister going on: The average little boy's not-so-average pet is a zombie (played perfectly by Connolly). When Fido eats the next-door neighbor, the film turns into a twisted suburban *Old Yeller* with rotting flesh. This isn't a *Shaun of the Dead*-style satire; it's more subtle, and quite a bit more evil.

It's satire with a very sharp bite. But don't expect a gore-fest. It's more about exploring the social ramifications of 1950s suburbia, where there was frequently something subtle and wrong going on behind closed doors that was never reflected in the perfect lawns and picket fences.



## 300

**Gerard Butler, Lena Headey** **Director:** Zack Snyder


Last month we gave you a peek at the cinematic adaptation of Frank Miller's *300*, but we can't say enough when it comes to this utterly breathtaking film about the Battle of Thermopylae, in which 300 Spartans in ancient Greece faced down an army of tens of thousands of Persians. While *300* perfectly captures the look and feel of the graphic novel, it doesn't have the stark, straight-off-the-page look of Miller's *Sin City*. Instead, *300* is violence taken to the point of eroticism. The balletic movements of the hand-to-hand combat are intoxicating, all the actors are in superhuman shape, and the filmmakers don't hesitate to feature nudity—male or female. Scottish actor Gerard Butler has repeatedly missed in film after film, but his King Leonidas is the biggest royal badass you'll come across. The man is about to become a star.





SNEAK PEEK

# Deconstructing Henry

 **THE TUDORS** has Henry VIII as a power-tripping horndog, his palace as a sixteenth-century *Melrose Place*, and more illicit sex than we ever see—period.



The king, accompanied by an entourage that could put Diddy to shame, marches down the torch-lit halls—a man on a mission. The grim task at hand? Putting it to his wife in the hopes of finally producing an heir. When he gets to her quarters, the queen is nowhere to be found, so he finds a bonny blonde maid who will do. We can't say it enough: It's good to be king.

Showtime's *The Tudors* is a ten-part lust-and-bust period piece set in the sixteenth-century court of a freshly anointed King Henry VIII.

Whitehall Palace is crawling with conniving politicians, bloodthirsty villains, would-be assassins, and feuding royal wan-

nabes, and a thick layer of sexuality coats them all. One can hardly turn a corner without interrupting an indiscreet tryst, and amid the heaving breasts of an endless parade of ladies-in-waiting—waiting mostly for the king to summon them for a regal fuck—the whole place is teeming with whispers of scandals. Of course, it isn't long before heads begin to roll. This is Henry VIII, after all.

Jonathan Rhys Meyers (*Match Point*, *Elvis*) embodies the historic king as dynamic, fit, and sexy—a far less common depiction of the man who, in the words of executive producer Benjamin Silverman, changed history with his dick. “Bad fat Henry has been done again and again,” says creator/writer/producer Michael Hirst (whose *Elizabeth* screenplay immortalized Henry's daughter). Instead, this series draws a sharp critical eye to the early years of Henry's reign, examining the youthful regent as he cultivates his diplomatic skills and struggles with a kingdom-size ego within an heirless marriage to Catherine of Aragon—and we all know how that ends.

What rescues *The Tudors* from the pitfalls of what Rhys Meyers calls “period puke”

is its fast pace. In the first two episodes alone, war with France is declared, rescinded, and on the brink of being declared again. And although the first two hours present only a brief introduction to the second ex-Mrs. Henry, Anne Boleyn, the foundation has been laid for a most enjoyable ride. We witness Henry getting his first hummer (from Anne's sister; it seems the Boleyn girls learned a valuable skill in France), and those in his intimate circle of friends dropping trou to nab some trickle-down tail.

Of course, we're always going to recommend a show with so many gorgeous women getting naked, but there's a bonus: Your girlfriend will think you're doing her a favor by watching while she gets hot and bothered over Rhys Meyers, but it's likely she'll be up for a rousing game of hide the scepter afterward—and we imagine that's just the way young Henry would have wanted it. **C+**

## IT'S GOOD TO BE KING



Was Henry the “Mick Jagger of his day” who indulged in a life of pleasure and decadence worthy of a rock star? Like Mick, Henry found numerous ways to get some satisfaction. These are just a few of the reasons why ruling ruled.

### EXCOMMUNICATE THIS

When Henry wanted to dump his first wife and marry his mistress's teenage sister, Anne Boleyn, he split from the Roman Catholic Church and created the Church of England.

### HEADING OFF A DIVORCE

When Henry wanted to marry Anne's lady-in-waiting Jane Seymour, he had Anne beheaded on trumped-up charges of witchcraft, incest, and adultery. Just days afterward, he and Jane were engaged.

### WE WANT PRENUPS

In 1541 Henry catches his fifth wife, Catherine Howard, two-timing him, so he once again lowers the ax. She's found guilty of treason and beheaded.


### THE JEALOUS KIND

Henry abuses his royal authority once again by kicking the boyfriend of his crush out of the country on permanent embassy, then wedding wife No. 6, the reluctant Catherine Parr.—*Raegan Johnson*



REVIEWS

# Civil Unrest


 Whether they're fighting a civil war or assaulting civil liberties, these heroes and antiheroes are good, bad, and just plain well-intentioned.



**Blood Diamond** Action-thriller good guys often don't fit the bill. But here, Djimon Hounsou's attempt to rescue his young son from conscription in Sierra Leone's rebel army makes you forget that he's also helping Leonardo DiCaprio's smuggler recover a rare pink diamond. Both actors give stellar, Oscar-nominated performances. The two-disc special edition includes three behind-the-scenes featurettes, commentary, and *Blood on the Stone*, a 50-minute doc that follows a diamond from mine to store. If your girl is pushing you to get engaged, see if watching this gets you out of having to buy a pricey rock.

Photographs by (The Shield) Prashant Gupta, (The Good Shepherd) Andrew Schwartz/Universal Pictures



## Van Wilder 2: The Rise of Taj

The classic plotline where a new kid teaches his stiff classmates how to party and score chicks has been done to death, but we couldn't help rooting for Kal Penn (better known as Kumar, of course, from *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle*) to pull it off here. He's likable, the babes are hot, and the movie will make you laugh despite yourself. Plus, the DVD features the "unrated" version with material that was too steamy for theaters.



## The Shield

In season five, Michael Chiklis delivers another spectacular turn as the complicated, corrupt Vic Mackey, who has yet another investigator on his ass—this time, the intimidating Forest Whitaker. But no matter what changes in the Barn, it's still Mackey's house, and as long as that's the case, he's welcome in ours. This four-disc set includes deleted scenes, a lengthy behind-the-scenes doc on the finale, and a season-six prequel that sets up the new episodes.



## The Good Shepherd

Matt Damon manages to disappear more deeply into a role than other movie stars of his generation, which is when he's most intriguing to watch (see *The Talented Mr. Ripley* and the *Bourne* series). Here, he vanishes again into his portrayal of a well-meaning and gung-ho idealist who gets caught up in the Cold War spy game as one of the founders of the CIA. We may never understand how he is able to neglect his wife, played by Angelina Jolie, and a lot of folks complained that the Robert De Niro-directed vehicle was too slow, but it's well worth checking out.





**Q&A**

# » Shadows Fall

who are about to make these Massachusetts shredders the next hard-rock breakout band. Singer Brian Fair discusses this and more while driving to the band's first rehearsal since finishing their seventh album, *Threads of Life*.

**Are you a Masshole driver or do you keep your cool?**

Everyone says we're bad drivers in Massachusetts, but I think we're just aggressive and get to the point quicker. I tend to road-rage. I was a delivery driver in Boston and also toured in vans with my bands for years, so I developed a serious hatred for other drivers. It's an equal-opportunity hate—all types of drivers, all types of cars.

**Would you ever live somewhere besides Boston?**

It would take a lot for me to get out of Massachusetts. I can go see the Celtics and Red Sox. But if I do move anywhere, it's going to be somewhere I'm never cold again, somewhere no one would find me again, like Tahiti or Costa Rica.

**Most metalheads aren't into sports. Does it help being from Massachusetts?**

I don't know, because [guitarists] Matt [Bachand] and Jon [Donais] aren't really into sports. Jay [Bittner], our drummer, is from New York, so he's a real big Yankees fan. I'll get the "Yankees suck" chant started at Ozzfest. When we play in Philly, I'll call out Eagles fans. When I pull out them losing the Super Bowl or blowing all those NFC championship games, they get violent. But as soon as we kick in, it's probably the most brutal pit of the night. They're getting out their frustrations, and that's fine.

**You just got back from recording in L.A. What does a good studio have?**

A sick couch, a good TV, a Poland Spring water machine—the real things. But when people weren't working, there was vicious pinball going on.

**Where do you prefer to perform?**

I love playing small clubs where you're right up there, but stadiums are fun, too, because you're overwhelmed with the energy. When we did that Slipknot tour, there were packed arenas. It was like, "Wow, this is what I remember about seeing Metallica at the Boston Garden." Slipknot did it right. There were no seats on the floor so kids were able to dance and crowd-surf.

**Which bands have been the wildest on tour?**

We've known Killswitch Engage since we grew up and have toured with them countless times. We had a blast with Slipknot. Lamb of God is another one of my favorites. Randy [Blythe] toned down his partying a lot. We used to be raging drinking partners. We still have a blast, but it's definitely safer now. No one is going to fall off a building.

**Have you ever had a really crazy night with Blythe?**

Oh my God, countless. We had a drinking contest that was never resolved because we would never stop drinking. We would always run out of booze.



**THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK (LEFT TO RIGHT): JASON BITTNER, JON DONAIS, BRIAN FAIR, MATT BACHAND, PAUL ROMANKO**



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ONSTAGE GROPE-FEST

## » Extra Helping of Meat Loaf

Meat Loaf is back, and he's still shaking the stage with his sweat-drenched, body-quivering performances. But the most memorable moment of his newest tour, supporting *Bat Out of Hell III: The Monster Is Loose*, is his melodramatic make-out with singer Aspen Miller.

So what's it like to get manhandled by the Loaf? "It's bizarre," Miller says. "But it's just another day at work. No one's supposed to honestly believe that I'm Meat Loaf's girlfriend." Perhaps not, but after seeing her bruised legs during the tour's warm-up shows, many of her concerned fans thought the passionate gropes were too much for her petite frame. "They all thought he was grabbing me too hard," Miller says. "I didn't want to

tell them it was from a tambourine. I had banged up my hand, so I switched to banging the tambourine on my leg. But then my whole thigh was covered in bruises. I couldn't find a way to do it without totally wrecking myself."  
—Jonathan Ages

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The **DEVIL WEARS PRADA** isn't the first band to confuse potential listeners with its name. But they're the latest band that had us scratching our heads and wondering if fashionistas could sing. Probably not, but these Midwestern metalheads sure can. Though none of these guys are fashion experts, they were inspired by the title of Lauren Weisberger's novel after spotting it on an audiobook owned by guitarist Chris Rubey's mother. And while their misleading moniker may have tricked a few Jimmy Choo aficionados into picking up their debut album, *Dear Love: A Beautiful Discord*, the hardcore-infused record might have just enough melody to get them to trade their stilettos for a pair of Doc Martens. At least for one night.



Lyrics We  
**LOVE**

"Standing outside nightclubs in the snow / Is not very cool or impressive. / They let in all the girls from the year below / No need for IDs with those dresses."—  
"Highroyds," by **KAISER CHIEFS**



## REVIEWS



## Kings of Leon

» **Because of the Times (RCA)**  
★★★★★

After an unforgettable night on *Youth & Young Manhood*, the Followill family has been dealing with the morning after. Though this third record is significantly more subdued than their previous efforts, they have expanded their southern-fried bluesy rock sound to include distorted guitars and a walking bass line on "Charmer" that seems ripped from the Pixies' "Debaser." There are a handful of

ramped-up tracks that fans of *Aha Shake Heartbreak* will prefer, including the garage-rock swagger of "My Party," but overall, the foursome's new disc lacks the sexy rumble we've come to expect. If subtlety's your thing, go for it. Just skip the first track, a seven-minute-long marathon song about an accidental pregnancy—it grinds the pace of the record to a standstill.  
**Penthouse Pick:**  
"On Call"



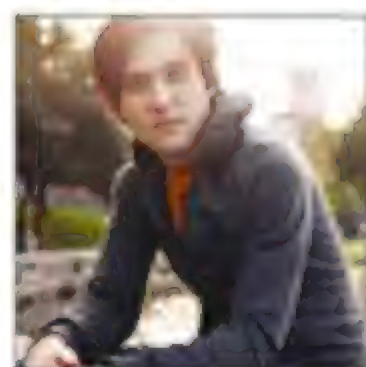
## Grant-Lee Phillips | *Strangelet* (Zöe/Rounder) ★★★

This prolific former frontman of Grant Lee Buffalo trots out his guitar for his fifth solo effort. He flexes his electric muscle to reveal a moody, post-punk intensity on some songs and strums his acoustic to play the part of the coy, refined rock star on others.



## Fountains of Wayne | *Traffic and Weather* (Virgin) ★★★

These Jersey natives learned from their hit single "Stacy's Mom" and stuck to what they know. Many of their infectious, retro pop songs center on traveling and the perils of life on the road, and they manage to make losing your bags at the airport sound (almost) enjoyable.



## Bright Eyes | *Cassadega* (Saddle Creek) ★★★★★

Conor Oberst, the slight singer-songwriter from Omaha who fronts Bright Eyes—and around whom a whole hopeful scene was born—roars back with this Americana-influenced album of rich, almost-country tracks and waltzing melodies.



## The Stooges | *The Weirdness* (Virgin) ★★★★★

Who cares that their average age is 57? They're legends who gave punk rock its edge, and they can still write music that will make you want to kick the door down. Iggy Pop leads the band on a wild ride of screeching riffs and socially aware lyrics that help the tunes hold their edge.



## LCD Soundsystem | *Sound of Silver* (Capitol) ★★★★★

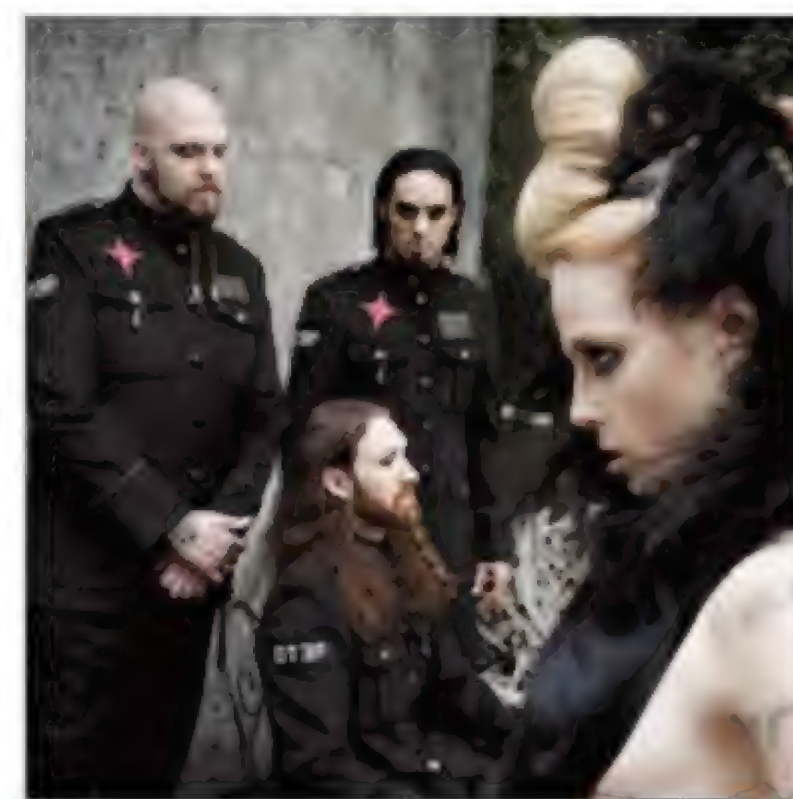
This album is all over the place—in a good way. Fans of ambient noise, new wave, and Prince-like falsettos will fall for this disparate collection of songs by the experimental group, who sound like they made sweet love to their synthesizer and drum machine.



## Otep | *The Ascension* (Capitol) ★★★★★

Sexy female vocalists are rare in the metal world, but Los Angeles

native Otep Shamaya is hot and her guttural scream rivals Slipknot's Corey Taylor. The rest of the band isn't anything to sniff at, either—their pummeling power chords and break-neck speed-drumming are the icing on this pissed-off cake.



## NOTABLE MENTIONS

!!! *Myth Takes* (Warp)

EL-P *I'll Sleep When You're Dead* (Definitive Jux)

*The View Hats Off to the Buskers* (Columbia)

Your girlfriend will love: *James Morrison—Undiscovered* (Interscope)



## EXPERT OPINION: YOUNG BUCK ON BUCKING UP YOUR RIDE

**>>** This G-Unit rapper got the car-loving bug watching low riders bounce as a Nashville youth. Now he does more than just collect them—he's on the cutting edge of transforming old-school junkers into one-of-a-kind trophies. Here's what **YOUNG BUCK** recommends:

**1.** "Find an old-school car you like. Try to find the lowest mileage, a solid engine, and make sure the bodywork is clean. Everything counts when you're trying to build a car. You don't want to put no money where you ain't gonna see the outcome in your vehicle."

**2.** "I like the car not to be too flashy—solid paint jobs and dark colors. It makes your chrome or gold stand out. I don't like white interiors because I spill shit too much. Back in the day that was the shit, so that was the first thing I did. But then I dropped jungle juice all over. Before I could

even get out of the block, I'm riding around with this big-ass red stain in my seat. Fresh out of the shop."

**3.** "In the South we pop our trunk. A lot of people have neon lights, but I'm talking about putting in a fish tank and letting them see sharks swimming back there. That'd be some real pimp shit. Right now, I got the illest shit. I got a 2007 Bentley Continental, but my rims is made out of clocks. They actually tell the time. I'm putting out my own now. They titled '50 calbs.' It's two .50 caliber Glocks. We're trying to get them street-patented, but law enforcement is kind of giving us a little problem."

**4.** "Try to keep at least one or two in rotation, because if you have a passion for cars, you're going to want another when one is finished. Right now, I have a '69 Chevy with Superman painted on the hood. He's flying over downtown Nashville. I did everything gold—the motor, everything. I just put together a '72 Cutlass with a Tennessee

Titans interior. I got Vince Young's throwback jersey on the floor mats on the driver's side and 'Pac Man' Jones's throwback jersey on the passenger's. I got a '94 Fleetwood. It's crazy. We got a hockey team—*what's the name of the team here that I just did with the car?*—the Nashville Predators. I really represent my city, even though I don't know nothing about the Predators."

**5.** "Don't sell these cars. Use them. Every car that I got, I drive."



**WATCH**  
out for



**The Showdown**

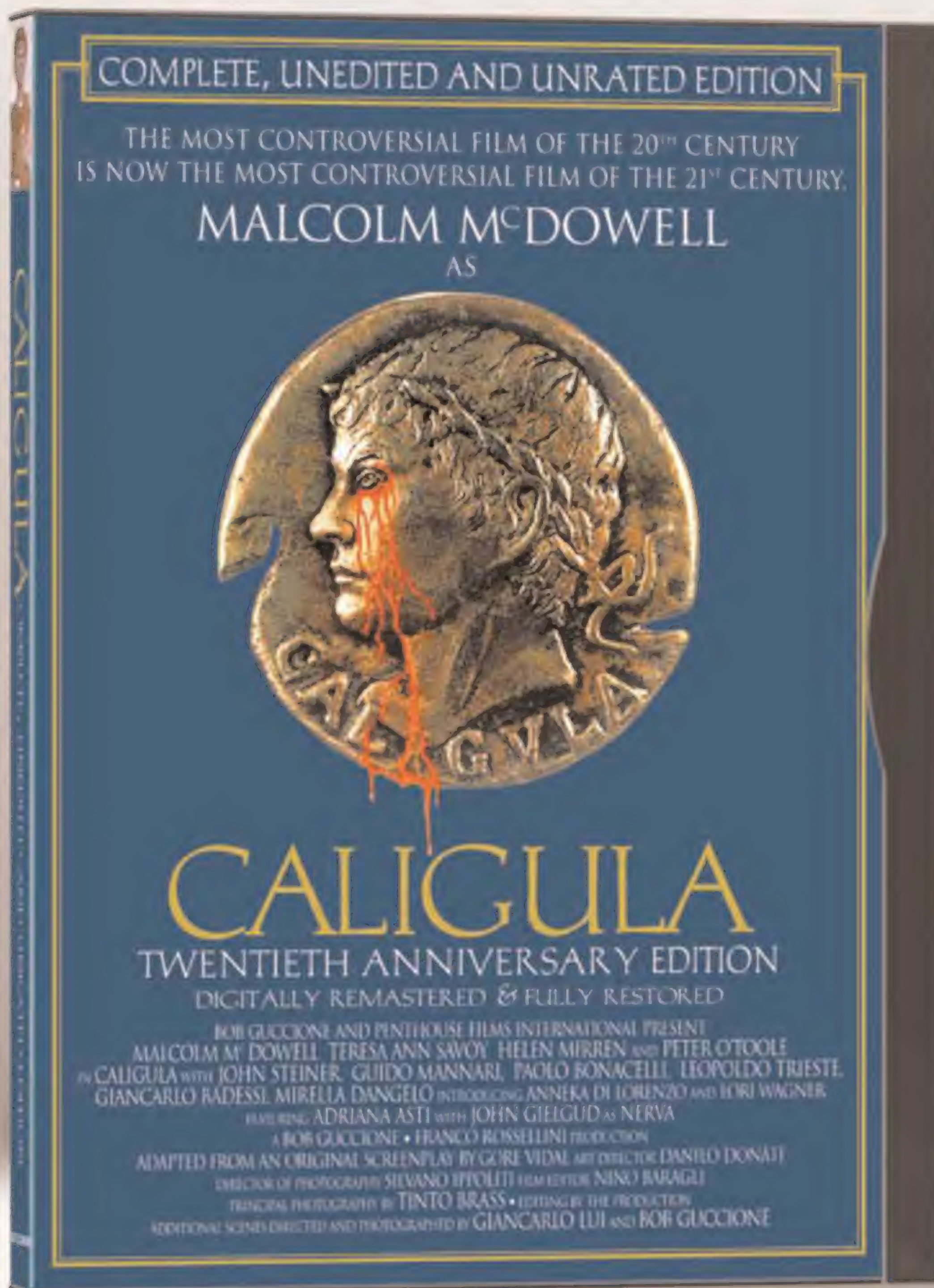
The long-haired Southern rockers' debut proves they are the best new band in hard rock. Instead of belting out obnoxiously popular scream-core, the Showdown step outside the box and prove they can play, not just scream like Cookie Monster. The album melds a slew of distinct styles, from the bluesy riffs of the title track, "Temptation Come My Way," to anthemic tunes to pulverizing songs with screams that erupt from deep within lead singer **DAVID BUNTON**.





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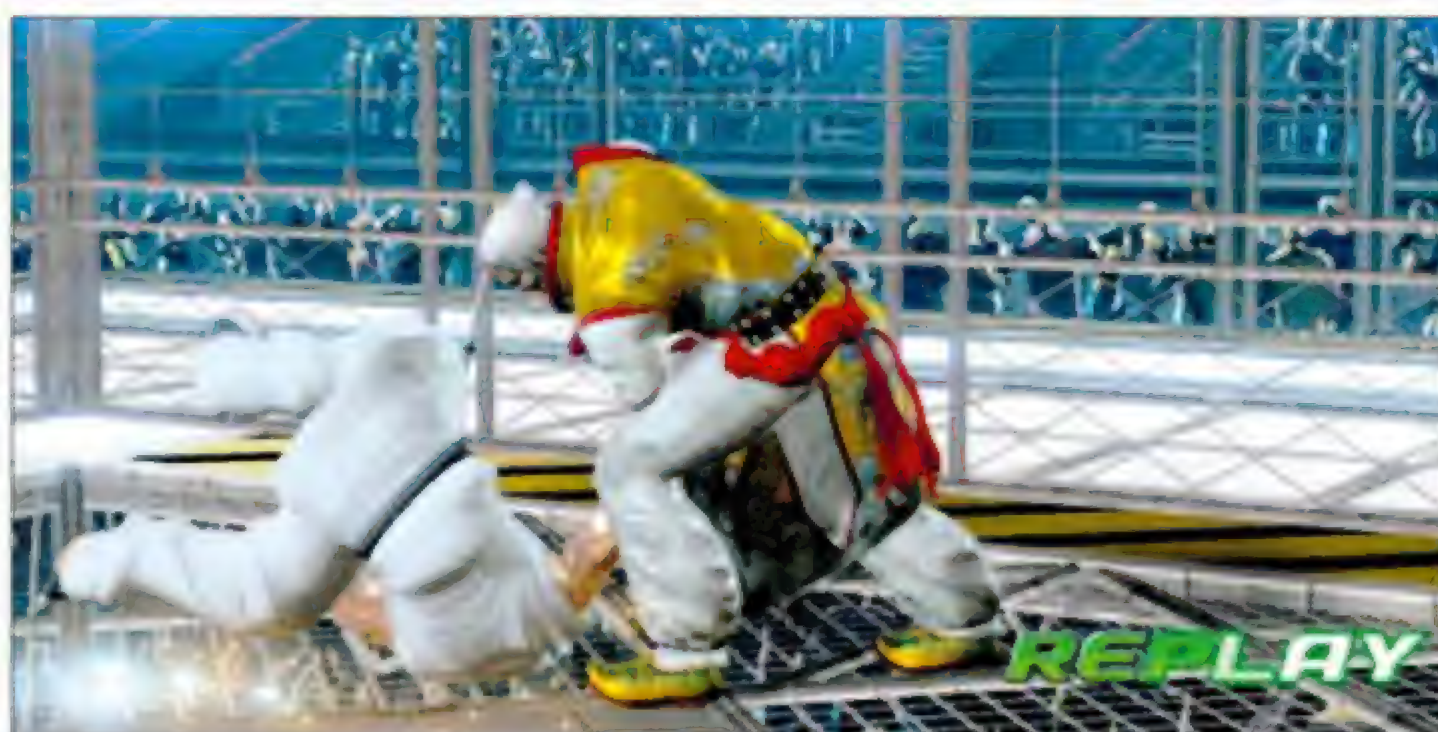


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GAME OF THE MONTH



# Virtua Fighter 5

★★★★★ (Sega) PS3, Xbox 360

The Wii and the PlayStation 3 stole the show last holiday season, and now, with the release of this ultra-realistic fighting game, PS3 owners finally have a reason to gloat—at least until the 360 version debuts this summer. Fans of the V.F. series will notice that the game has sped up and two of the 17 playable characters are new: El Blaze, a Mexican *Nacho Libre*-style wrestler whose customizations include a variety of unique masks, and Eileen, a girl with some kick-ass kung fu moves. Since the game doesn't yet support multiplayer action, playing in arcade tournaments with your customized character is the most effective way to collect items and improve your rank. At least it beats traveling around to collect shit.



## The Girls Got THE MOVES

The best way to kick your buddy's ass in *Virtua Fighter* is with your character's special attack.

### Sarah Bryant

**Move:** Dash Knee

**How to:** → + → + Kick

**Result:** This former amnesiac's knee-thrust can take out an enemy from a distance. But take care, since Bryant will suffer the consequences if your opponent defends.



### Pai Chan

**Move:** Senpu Enka

**How to:** → + ↘ + ↓ + ↙ + ← +

[Punch + Guard]  
**Result:** This combination instructs the Hong Kong movie star (and Ensei-Ken master) to throw her enemy to the ground, then attack him while he lies there helpless.



### Eileen

**Move:** Renzou Hekizan

**How to:** Punch + Punch + Punch

**Result:** This admirer of Pai Chan's can unleash a flurry of punches. Once she connects, her blows link together and inflict significant damage.





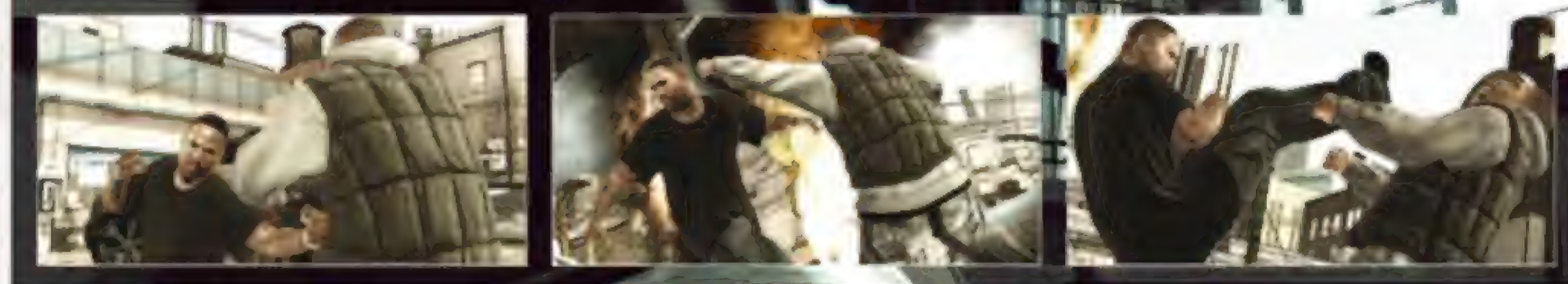


## PREVIEWS

## REVIEWS

# A FIGHTING CHANCE

In the new brawler *Def Jam: Icon*, OutKast star **Big Boi** takes on Ludacris, the Game, and others. But if you beat him at his own game, watch out. He can be a very sore loser.



**When was the last time you were in a real fight?**

Maybe high school. Nobody wants to fight me now. I don't even play. I don't have time to fight you. If we get into it at a club, then the next week I have to worry about whether we're going at it again.

**In all the years you and Andre "3000" Benjamin have worked together as OutKast, you've never gotten into it with each other?**

No. We're too cool for that shit.

**Do you play a lot of games on the road?**

Oh, yeah. That's where all the gaming starts. We play fighting games like *Mortal Kombat* and then *Madden*. We throw money down on every game.

**What's the most you've ever won?**

Shit. Probably a couple thousand dollars.

**What's the most you've ever lost?**

Probably a couple thousand dollars. [Laughs] But then I have to buy a new game because I stomp it out if I lose. I'll just step on the game so nobody plays anymore. After I lose, nobody is playing.

**When EA approached you about appearing in *Def Jam: Icon*, did you**

**have a specific fighting style you wanted your character to use?**

I wanted to be a street brawler. In Atlanta, that's how we fight. My character has a good punk move, so you don't know if it's coming from the left or the right.

**Did you record trash talk for the game?**

Oh, yeah. I didn't hold out. My character picks up one item and says, "This'll make you shit on yourself." I like that one.

**You own Pitfall Kennels, a pit-bull breeding business. What's your stance on dogfighting?**

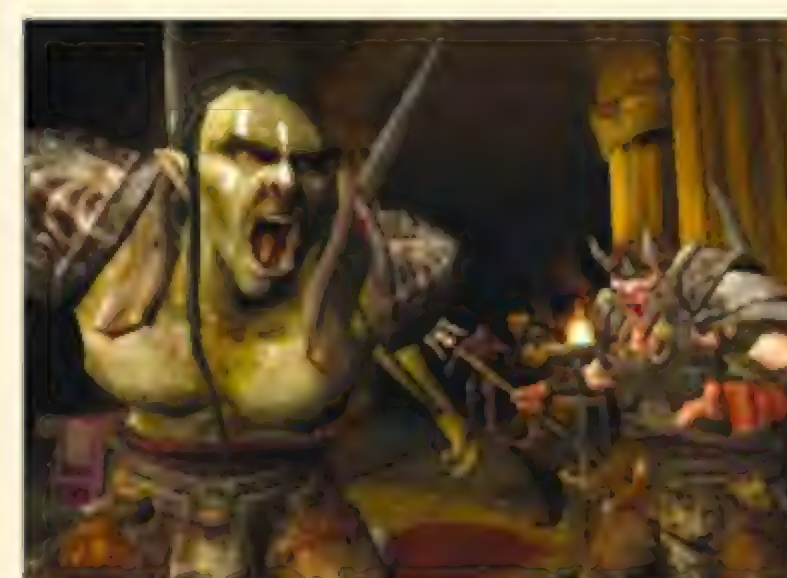
I don't fuck with that. My dogs are family. I can't imagine raising them up from a puppy and letting them get scarred up like that. I've been breeding dogs for more than ten years. I have a farm with about 50 acres and indoor and outdoor runs. I've sold dogs to Roy Jones Jr., Serena Williams, and Usher. And 50 Cent bought a couple, too. I should have had [EA] make my character in the game show up with a pit bull so I could let him off the chain and let the dog get your ass [laughs]. Maybe they can program a dog into my cheat code.—Jason Buhrmester



### Heatseeker

★★★★ Wii, PS2, PSP  
(Codemasters)

We've always considered flight simulators geeky and boring—too much trigonometry, not enough *Top Gun*. But this combat simulator delivers because you decide how technical to get. You don't have to know anything about wind velocity to kick ass. What really hooked us, though, were the tight spaces we could squeeze through with our fighter jet, especially with the Wii's dual controllers, and the crazy aerial stunts we could pull off.



### Lord of the Rings: Shadows of Angmar

★★★★ PC (Turbine)

Unlike EA's *LOTR* games, which are based on Peter Jackson's films, this massive multiplayer role-playing game was adapted directly from Tolkien's first book. Your elf, hobbit, human, or dwarf is assigned quests by the story's main characters. The Tolkien mythology is authentic and omnipresent, and you can experience "ring vision" and earn titles like "the Slayer of Gondor." But because you also can form guilds with other players and engage in raids, it still feels like a traditional multiplayer, though not as deep.

## PREVIEW




### SSX Blur

Wii (EA Sports)

When EA released *Madden NFL 07* on the Wii last year, it wasn't much of an improvement over other console versions. But here, the Wii's dual controllers make *SSX* fun and intuitive. When you're schussing down the slopes, you maneuver your snowboard or skis by moving the nunchuck and using its buttons to boost your speed. After you launch into the air, use the Wiimote to score a gnarly amount of points with a sick trick. The one drawback? The soundtrack.



# Never**Mind**

 There have been hundreds of books published about Nirvana, but they all have the same tired plot: Angst-ridden musician forms band, gets famous, marries fellow rock star, becomes addicted to drugs, kills himself. Everett True, a U.K.-based music journalist, was with Kurt Cobain and the Seattle band from their beginnings in 1989. It's his deep friendship with the tortured singer that distinguishes this Bible-size tome, simply titled, *Nirvana: The Biography* (Perseus Books Group). "Most accounts of Kurt's life misrepresented his personality," True tells us. "There was more to him than the miserable junkie everyone delights in portraying."

True doesn't ignore Cobain's descent into drug addiction, but his book also highlights the musician's deep love for his daughter, Frances Bean. The doting-dad image of Cobain will surprise those who are used to the self-destructive, grungier image. And True's account of drunkenly pushing Cobain—in a woman's wig, in a wheelchair—onstage at Nirvana's last concert in England is a comic scene worthy of the Marx Brothers.

But True can't ignore the downsides of Cobain's escapades—and, as the man who introduced Cobain to Courtney Love in 1991, he can't escape all responsibility for this marriage that was definitely made in hell.



"There was more" to **Kurt Cobain**, says the author of the **latest Nirvana book**, "than the **miserable junkie** everyone delights in portraying."



"You're Kurt Cobain and you're an asshole!" Love famously sneered when True made his fateful introduction. Then she punched Cobain in the stomach. True, who makes little secret of his dislike for Love, reports that Cobain spoke to a lawyer about getting a divorce—but he hesitated because, having had parents who split, "he would have done anything to avoid that situation rather than put Frances through it."

But divorce would have been merciful compared to the nightmare of this relationship. Just one example among many: the horrifying argument that culminated "in the classic Kurt way of saying fuck you ... he put a cigarette out in the middle of his forehead."

Bottom line: You'll enjoy this if you're a hard-core Cobain fan. Everyone else should just watch *Behind the Music*.—Lisa Panzariello





"Breathtakingly, brutally, and hilariously honest. This is the finest book about youth and war I've ever read."  
—Clinton McKelvie, author of *CROSSING THE LINE*

## Blood Makes the Grass Grow Green

A Year in the Desert with Team America

Johnny Rico

## APPALLING EXCERPT FROM A BOOK WE COULDN'T PUT DOWN

**"Freemont was slightly aware of the screaming that faded in and out between the shrill ringing in his ears.... He was the .50 caliber gunner on top of the Humvee when it exploded.... Miller's body just popped like a balloon pierced with a needle and had covered Freemont with his bubbling, boiling, gooey, still-sizzling guts. You don't forget hot frying sticky intestines that belonged to your friend splattering you in the face. Miller's body slime had a slightly bitter acidic taste, I'm told. Second platoon had been forced to walk around a one-hundred-meter area picking up little pieces of Miller: an arm over here, a leg over there. Specialist Miller left Afghanistan fitting neatly in a trash bag."**

—from *Blood Makes the Grass Grow Green: A Year in the Desert With Team America* (to be published by Presidio Press), by Johnny Rico

Like many young people, Johnny Rico meandered through his twenties without any sense of purpose. On September 11, he found his: Rico joined the Army and, after a few weeks of training, he was in Afghanistan with dozens of equally raw recruits, none of whom had ever been in danger before. When confronted with the possibility of dying at any time, Rico and his fellow GIs grab frantically for a few moments of release, lining up to jerk off in makeshift wooden toilets while staring at naked girls on their Palm Pilots.

Rico's story of his time "in country" is one of the most compelling, funny, infuriating, and horrifying books you'll

ever read. Probably the most infuriating thing of all is the realization that America's attack on the Taliban and the 9/11 terrorists they harbored—a totally justifiable war from almost any point of view—has become an orgy of violence and brutality on both sides that, in the end, will leave Afghanistan devastated and probably more dangerous than ever.

As Rico wonders while he and his buddies prepare to return to "the world," "What was the point in shedding blood, sweat, sperm, and tears to secure a place and make it safer if you were just going to blow it all up?"—*Peter Bloch*

### Q&A

## » WRETCHED EXCESS

What do you get when you mix Wall Street swagger, aspiring artists, "inbred Rockefellers," adultery, and kinky amateur porn? Just a hint at what's in former JPMorgan banker Dana Vachon's "very lightly autobiographical" debut novel, *Mergers and Acquisitions* (Riverhead), which netted its author a much-buzzed-about \$650,000 two-book deal. The novel centers on an analyst, his pussy-hound best friend, and their adventures with babes, banks, and high-powered bullies. Currently at work on a novel about "Westchester County and outer space," Vachon seems to have successfully dodged his greatest fear—"spending 30 years on Wall Street."



### Why did you want to go into investment banking?

I'm not sure that anyone really *wants* to go into investment banking. People *want* to become astronauts or explorers or lion tamers. Once you give up on those

early dreams, it can become easy to go through life fulfilling expectations. I'd still like to have a go at lion taming.

### Do you find these high-society banking types easy to despise?

I never thought of them as evil, just woefully misguided. Each one of them worships some chimera—money, beauty, fame—and winds up making great sacrifices to it. The satire never felt gratuitous because it always accompanied some element of comic, well-deserved suffering on the character's part. **But they're more than caricatures.**

Yes. You see these old guys with absurd car collections and drug-addict kids and cuckolding wives, and they seem so tranquilized. It's like

it's too much of a bother to fix things, so they just ramble along. But they didn't start out that way. At one point they were little kids just playing dodgeball or having their first kisses or eating paste.

### What's the most outrageous excess you saw?

Well, it wasn't at JPMorgan, but I know that one M&A group spent a million dollars taking clients hiking overseas. That works out to about \$100,000 an hour. They probably hired locals to give people piggyback rides up the mountain, then had a caviar-covered harem ready for them when they got there. The U.S. bankers were a bit more moderate in their spending.—*Rachel Kramer Busse*



# Brains Conquer Beauty

*Scientists break code to create impeccably brilliant cut jewelry with even more clarity and color dispersion than mined diamonds.*

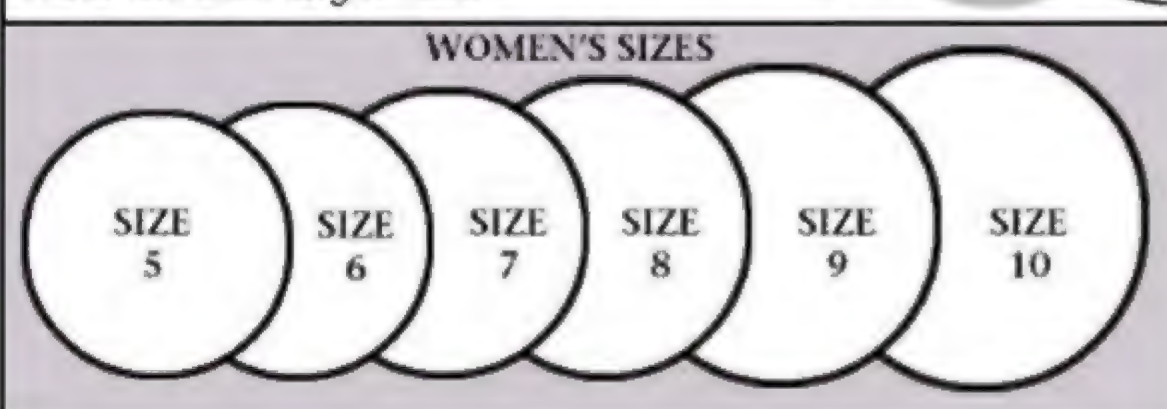
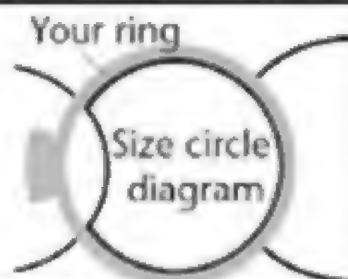
There is little doubt that a natural mined diamond of top quality is one of the world's most magnificent gems. It is much coveted for its exquisite beauty, but the simple truth is that diamonds are just compressed crystallized carbon. The laboratories at DiamondAura were created with one mission in mind: *Create brilliant cut DiamondAura jewelry in precious metal settings that allow everyone to experience jewelry with superb clarity and large carat weight.*

**Perfection from the laboratory.** We named our brilliant cut collection DiamondAura, because simply said, "they dazzle just like natural diamonds but without the outrageous cost." Our DiamondAuras are an absolute marvel of modern gemological science. We insisted that our scientists reproduce the look of a loupe-clean diamond in the laboratory, and would not accept any result other than perfection. We will not bore you with the incredible details of the scientific process, but will only say that it involves the use of rare minerals heated to an incredibly high temperature of over 5000° F. This can only be accomplished inside some very modern and expensive laboratory equipment. After several additional steps, scientists finally created a clear faultless marvel that looks even better than the vast majority of mined diamonds. Noted jewelry expert Steven Rozensky said, "The color and clarity of DiamondAura rivals that of a flawless D colored diamond". Of course, flawless diamonds sell for in excess of \$50,000 a carat, so they are priced out of reach. With precious metal settings and sizes exceeding 1 carat, the visual effects are breathtaking!



**Color**— Similar to a D Colored Diamond  
**Clarity**— Rivals a Flawless Gem  
**Cut**— the radiant "Brilliant Cut"  
**Carat Weight**— Starting at 1.58 tcw and up

Place one of your own rings on top of one of the circle diagrams. Your ring size is the circle that matches the inside diameter of your ring. If your ring falls between sizes, order the next larger size.



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## HOUSE RULES: **THE KITCHEN COMMANDMENTS**

There are many reasons to cook for yourself: You won't spend half your paycheck on Chinese takeout; your woman will be impressed with your skills; and the manly sense of accomplishment you'll experience when you tuck into a prime rib that you just broiled to perfection is better than anything they can serve at a steakhouse. But before you realize your *Iron Chef* fantasies, you'll need to follow our kitchen commandments. *À la cuisine!*



# HOUSE RULES

## Rule No. 1: If you can't pronounce it, don't try to make it for anyone else.

If you think *coq au vin* rhymes with *cock oven*, order in a pizza and take some advice from the Food Network's luscious Giada De Laurentiis. Don't spring the coq on company until you've completed a solo run-through. And don't ever cook blind. Read the entire recipe before you even grab a pan, so your pork chop doesn't go cold while you're waiting for the potatoes to finish.

## Rule No. 2: Let your meat loaf.

Don't slice into meat as soon as it comes off the flame or out of the oven. You'll lose valuable juices, and once they run out, they're gone for good. If it's a steak, tent it under a sheet of aluminum foil for at least five minutes. If it's a roast, beef, or chicken, give it 15 to 20. Don't worry, it'll still be hot when you stick your fork in it.

## Rule No. 3: Never lose your edge.

There are only two things a cook absolutely needs: a hot fire and a sharp knife. Too bad yours is probably dull. Like most tools, regular use of your knives requires routine maintenance. Have your knives professionally sharpened twice a year. And never toss them in a drawer or in the dishwasher. Your knife deserves a careful hand-washing and a protected home in a block or on a knife magnet.

## Rule No. 4: Know your limits.

No matter how much of a man you are, there are chili peppers you can't handle. And over-spiced food doesn't taste good—it tastes cheap, like you're hiding something. So put your balls in your purse and go light at first. Don't overheat your cooking with jalapeños, habaneros, cayenne, Tabasco, or anything else that makes your lips burn. If you need more heat, add it at the table.



## Rule No. 5: Keep a fresh rack around.

Just like plutonium, spices have a half-life—they lose their punch the longer they sit around. Black pepper is the worst offender: It starts losing its heat only a few minutes after it's ground. Never buy a shaker of the pre-ground stuff. Spend 15 bucks on a good-quality grinder, and always buy whole peppercorns. Replace everything else in your rack every New Year's Day.

## Rule No. 6: Shake it good.

The reason your steak tastes like cardboard is because you didn't salt it enough. A ten-ounce steak needs at least half a teaspoon of salt before hitting







Sautéed shallots complement a perfectly seasoned filet mignon.

the grill. (Rub the meat with salt and let it sit for 30 minutes before cooking.) But be careful to avoid over-salting soup, stew, or anything else with a long cooking time; when the liquids reduce, the salt intensifies, and if you start with too much, it'll taste like the rim of a margarita glass when you're finished.

#### **Rule No. 7: Paper, not plastic.**

You are now a grown-ass man, so buy meat from a grown-ass butcher. You may pay 20 percent more, but it will be at least 100 percent better. Best case: You watch the butcher cut your steak and wrap it in white paper. Great butcher steaks are aged, which means they're often dark brown or gray on the outside, and almost never hot pink or bloodred. If you can't get to the butcher, buy meat that's wrapped on-site, not shrink-wrapped at the plant. Same goes for chicken and fish. Any questions? Ask the guy behind the counter who's covered in blood.

#### **Rule No. 8: Don't lose your sauce.**

When you cook pasta, it develops a rough, starchy coating on the outside for the sauce to stick to. If you rinse it off, your sauce won't stick and you'll be eating bald, flavorless pasta. Mix in a spoonful of the water you cooked your pasta in with the sauce before you toss them together. The starch in the water will enhance the pasta's stickiness. And always salt your water first.



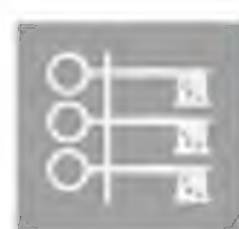
#### **Rule No. 9: If you won't drink it, don't cook with it.**

Not that we'd ever recommend using a bottle of 1985 Château Margaux in your bordelaise sauce, but don't use the \$2.95 bottle of supermarket swill either. You should be willing to have a glass of whatever vintage you're cooking with. Even better, have another bottle of the same stuff on hand to serve with dinner.

#### **Rule No. 10: Never apologize, never explain.**

This is the oldest and best rule of cooking. As far as your guests know, your roast chicken is supposed to taste like that. You cooked the damn thing, so your guests can damn well enjoy it. Even if it sucks, open another bottle of wine and dig in.





# HIGH-DEF JAM

You splurged on that gorgeous new flat-screen TV, but the picture hasn't improved much because you're still using your old DVD player. So what are you waiting for? Two camps are battling for format supremacy. Which will emerge victorious, Blu-ray or HD-DVD? When the dust settles, you don't want to be left holding a Betamax. Here's what you need to know about next-gen technology before you invest.

## THE SPEAKERS

Blu-ray and HD-DVD provide even better sound than the already excellent output from regular DVD players because they preserve the original soundtrack in its entirety—but only if you have the right gear. Your old cables and receivers probably can't handle the new audio formats. So you may want to get a pricey new receiver that accepts an HDMI digital cable. But don't fret about dropping cash to upgrade your surround-sound system, because you probably won't be able to hear the improvement—even with the latest equipment.





### THE SCREEN

Blu-ray and HD-DVD look drastically better than DVD, especially on the big new flat-screen TVs. Although the Blu-ray image may look better than the HD-DVD's, the difference is marginal. Both formats display gorgeous, vivid colors—and you may not even notice the difference.

The new discs are designed for top-of-the-line models that have about two million pixels: 1,920 across by 1,080 from top to bottom. Still, you won't miss much from the next-gen image if you are watching on a regular HDTV set.

### THE PLAYERS

Two formats are fighting for your screen. Barring a major unexpected shift in the industry, Blu-ray is likely to win because most major hardware companies, including Panasonic, Philips, Pioneer, Samsung, Sharp, and Sony, back it. Blu-ray's drawback is that its equipment is more expensive than HD-DVD components: Players start at \$799 for Samsung's BD-P1200 and go up to a cool \$1,500 for Pioneer's Elite BDP-HD1. If you can get your hands on Sony's PlayStation 3, starting at \$500, you get the Blu-ray player included.



Facing off against Blu-ray is the feisty HD-DVD side, captained by Microsoft and Toshiba. The HD-DVD is a relative bargain. Toshiba's HD-A2 model sells for \$500; if you already have an Xbox 360, you can pick up Microsoft's HD-DVD add-on for \$200.

Right now, the safest move is to hedge with a combo player. LG's Super Multi Blue is the first dual-format device. It's expensive at \$1,199—but other companies will likely follow LG's lead and pump out competing combo players, which should push prices down by the end of the year.

### THE DISCS

Blu-ray really has the advantage here, in part because it is a superior technology and can store almost twice the data of an HD-DVD, leaving more room for special features and additional scenes. The technology is also supported by seven of the eight major studios, and only three of them currently produce HD-DVDs. Universal has embraced HD-DVD exclusively, and so has the adult-video industry. So you can watch most high-def films on your Blu-ray play-

er, but you will miss a few blockbusters, including *The Lord of the Rings*, *King Kong*, *The Fast and the Furious* franchise, and the first high-def porn titles, such as *Island Fever 3*. The overall number of high-def flicks is still limited at a few hundred, but new releases are hitting store shelves every week. By comparison, Netflix offers more than 70,000 regular DVDs for rent. Netflix and Blockbuster offer the two next-gen formats, but neither of them has picked a side.

### The Best High-Def Flicks

High-def discs can look great—if they're made well—but movie studios have had mixed success grappling with the advanced technology, especially on the Blu-ray side. *The Fifth Element* looked beautiful on regular DVD, but the Blu-ray version must have been made from a ratty old film print, given all the scratches on the image. And *The House of Flying Daggers* was only marginally better in high-def than the stunning old DVD version. Fortunately, many great films do look better in high-def. Here are a few of our favorites:

#### Blu-ray

*Black Hawk Down*, *Kung Fu Hustle*

#### HD-DVD

*King Kong*, *Seabiscuit*

#### Blu-ray & HD-DVD

*Tim Burton's Corpse Bride*, *The Last Samurai*, *GoodFellas*, *The Searchers*, *Training Day*, *Aeon Flux*, *Gone in 60 Seconds*, *Resident Evil: Apocalypse*





# Lighten Up!

## A no-brain, no-pain guide to safe, speedy weight loss.

Admit it, you've been slacking off the past few months. You swore you'd stick to your workout routine, but you haven't seen the inside of a gym since the day after you made your New Year's resolution, and you're struggling to squeeze into your once-roomy jeans. There's no way you can drop ten pounds in a week (not without cutting off a limb anyway). But you can look and feel like you did, and that's what counts. We've got a few tricks to help you beat the bloat and look a little slimmer around the middle—even if the only sit-ups you do entail reaching for the remote.

### Drink up



Don't skimp on H<sub>2</sub>O—a little water weight is nothing compared to the benefits you'll reap from drinking at least eight cups a day. When you're dehydrated, salt gets trapped in your tissues and makes you retain fluids. Drinking water—or eating water-rich fruits like melons and grapes—will flush out excess sodium, kick-start your digestive system, *and* curb your hunger.

### Nix the salt



High-sodium foods like pretzels, chips, cold cuts, and pizza will not only make you retain water, but most salty foods are also loaded with fat or carbs. If you've already binged and need some immediate relief, eat a banana or drink a glass of OJ—potassium can help flush out sodium.

### Avoid white powders



You know that cakes, cookies, and four-dollar frappuccinos are full of refined sugar, but it's also lurking in white bread, cereal, and salad dressing. Refined sugars break down into glucose at warp speed, so you get a quick burst of energy followed by a crash, making you crave *more* sugar. Look for whole-grain pastas and breads. And remember, sweets aren't the only culprits—keep an eye on your beverages. A can of Red Bull contains 25 grams of sugar, and a bottle of Snapple Lemon Iced Tea has 46—that's like a Snickers in a bottle.

### Rough it



Fiber helps the pipes flow smoothly. You'll find a healthy dose in most fruits and vegetables, but beans may be your best choice. They're packed with protein, which helps you feel fuller longer, so you won't be running to the vending machine an hour after lunch.

### Take it slow



When you inhale your food, you inhale air, too. Unless you want a balloon belly, take smaller bites. Try putting your fork down while you chew—it will help you eat more slowly. You'll also enjoy your meal more, feel full faster, and consume fewer calories.



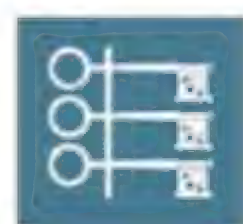


## Things That **DON'T** Work

- **DON'T** do a thousand crunches. Spot-reducing is bull and won't give you leaner abs—you're better off going for a jog or bike ride to burn calories.
- **DON'T** jump on a fad diet. High-fat, low-carb diets may encourage you to gorge on meat and cheese—and that's like *begging* for gas. Just eat less and eat smart.
- **DON'T** drown your sorrows. The carbonation in beer—even light beer—releases gas-causing carbon dioxide. Shots may lack the bubbles, but they clock in at more than 90 calories each, which adds up faster than you can say “cheers.” You can cut the calories from cocktails by mixing with diet tonic or seltzer.

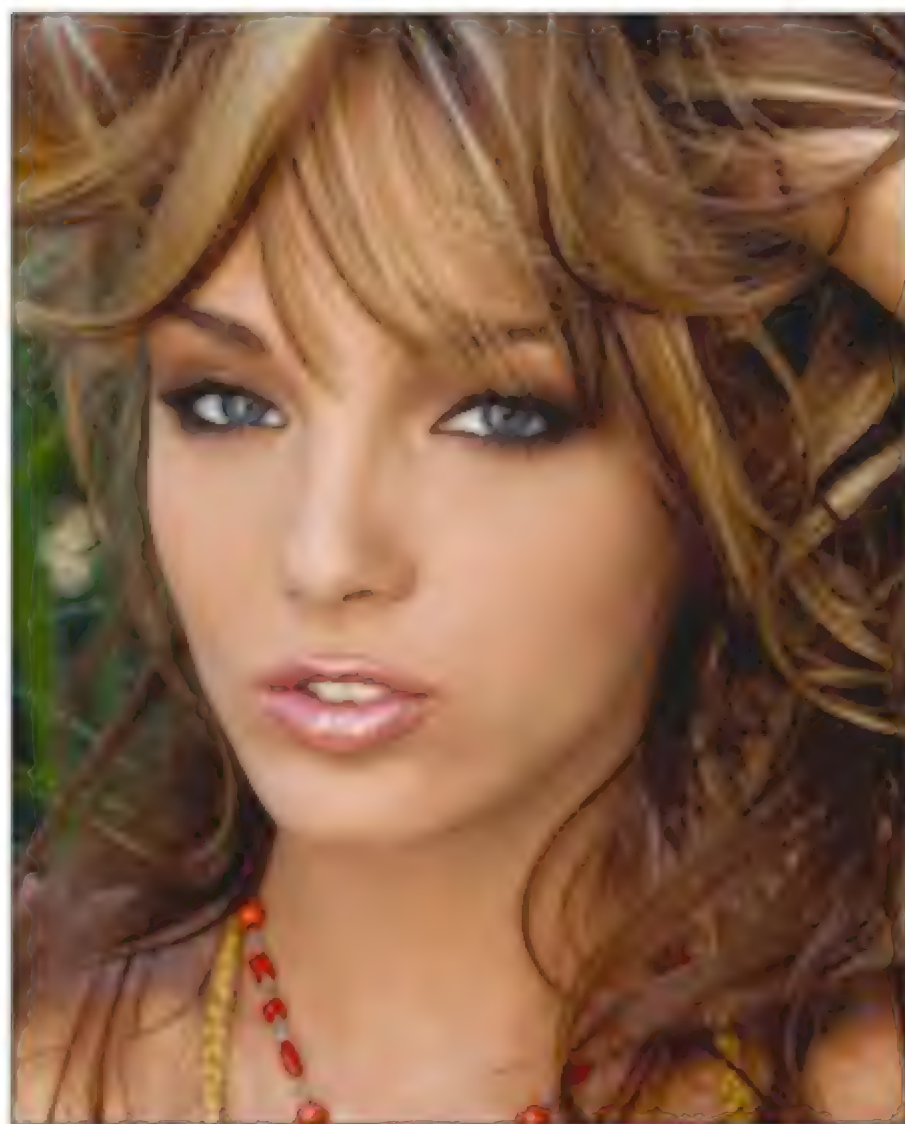






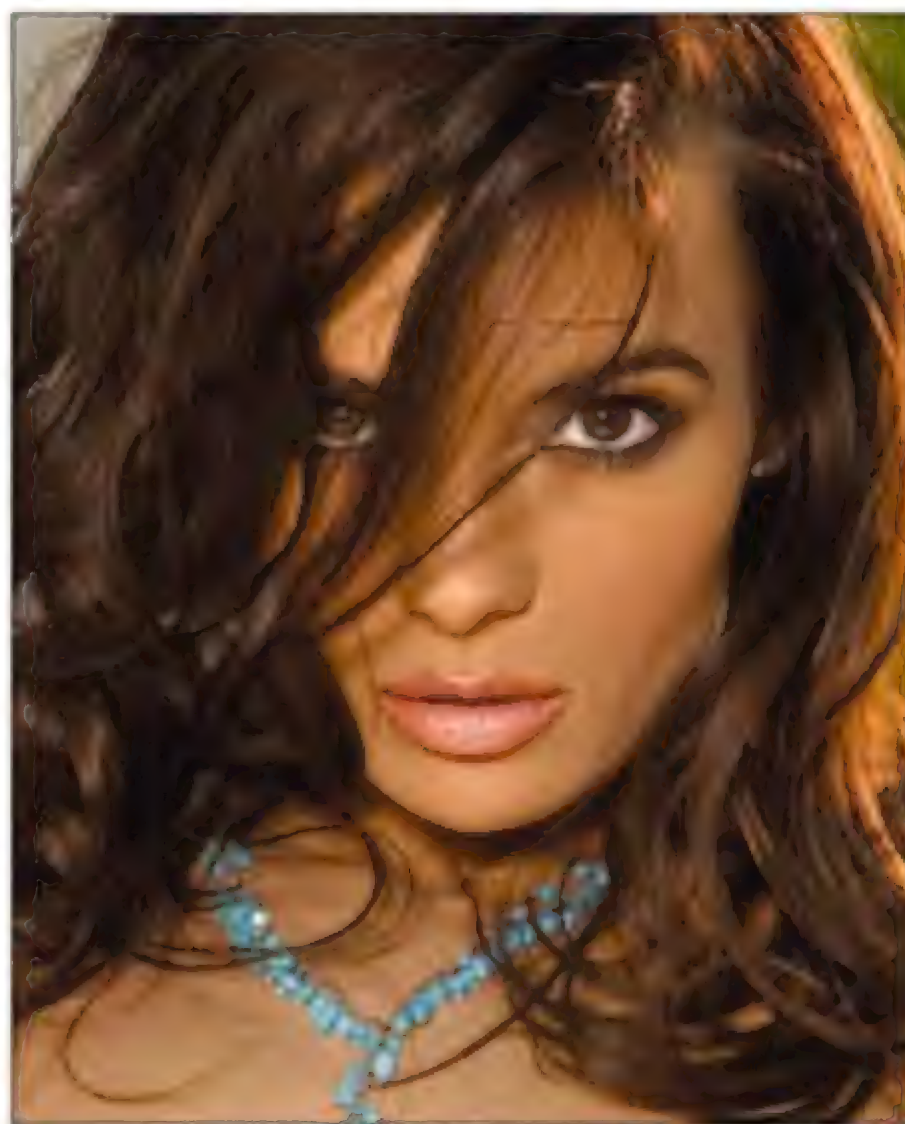
# PET PEEVES

Baffled? Stumped? Mystified about what women *really* want? Luckily, we happen to know a few truly beautiful ladies, so we asked them to help you out with a cheat sheet of what they look for in a guy and what they can't stand. Have a seat, class is in session.



**Charlie Laine**  
(February '06)

**"I'm not one of those pussy bitches,"** Charlie says. **"I burp with the best of 'em, baby."** She likes her men to look a little rough, flaunt some scruff on their face, and even have a few flaws: "I'm an equal-opportunity employer. Unibrows accepted."



**Krista Ayne**  
(April '06)

**"I rarely talk to the guys who come up to me,"** Krista claims, **"because I'd rather just go up to them."** She emphasizes the make-out: "Kissing can either make or break the deal. It could be the hottest person, the nicest person, but if you're not a good kisser ... it's done."



**Kimberley Rogers**  
(October '06)

**"If he has snot hanging off his nose or if he burps or he farts—that's all human,"** Kimberley says. She prefers a guy with rock 'n' roll style: "tighter jeans, Chuck Taylors, T-shirt, maybe a studded belt or something."

## LESSON NO. 1 BE A MAN, NOT A MANNEQUIN

**Krista:** "Some women say it's all about personality. That's bullshit. I'm not looking across the room like, 'Oh my God, that guy has such a great personality.' I'm big on sex appeal. I like guys who I can see kissing. But I'm not picky about dressing—as long as both your socks match most of the time, you're cool."

## LESSON NO. 2 BACK OFF, BITCH

**Charlie:** "Be interesting and interested, without being *too* interested. You've got to have a little mystery. Girls never want a guy who they completely have. There has to be a chase. You can totally text that night, but don't wait any longer than three days to call. This one guy turned into a stalker. He would call me up, like, 20 times a day for a good three weeks. I almost changed my number. It's like, 'Oh my God! Just leave me alone.'"

## LESSON NO. 3 TAKE CHARGE

**Kimberley:** "There's this one boy; he's incredibly indecisive. He just can't think of anything to do, and it drives me nuts. He won't call. He'll text me, 'What's going on? Do you want to go hang out?' The only exciting thing he suggested was Frisbee golf. And I was absolutely up for that. But if you do the traditional date, watch the movie first, then go to dinner, so you have something to talk about."

## LESSON NO. 4 IT PAYS TO PLAY

**Charlie:** "If I develop a crush for a guy, I find out what he likes and laugh at all his jokes. Then I start flirting. If he's at my place, I walk around in really short shorts and, like, bend over really slowly. And I am all about making out! You have to be a good kisser and give me that warm, tingly feeling—and you're pretty much in. On one date, we went back to my house and made out. I was like, 'You just made out with me for four hours. You can have me. You put in your time, man.'"

## LESSON NO. 5 GET OUT

**Kimberley:** "Do the spooning while you're sleeping. In the morning, get out! We're going to have morning breath and there's always that awkward morning thing. No breakfast in bed. I want privacy—even if we want to see each other again. I don't want to be smothered. Maybe we could have a cup of tea, but that's it."





# SCOUNDREL

*Dear Scoundrel,  
I've been hooking up with this girl for the past three months. I typically call her after 10 P.M. and invite her over to fool around. Recently she suggested we do dinner to get to know each other better. How can I keep it casual?—L.D., Ohio*

You should consider how this preoccupation with easy booty might be leading you to objectify women and holding you back from real, meaningful relationships.... Psych!

So your hot-blooded woman has suddenly developed feelings, whereas you, man-child, seek to maintain the no-strings-attached status quo. Basically, you're screwed—and not in the good way. Everything must evolve or die. And so, you must cut her loose.

It's disappointing, I know—especially coming from me, a man who hires interns to manage his incoming booty calls. I'm sorry. Sorta. But let me tell you what you want to hear, even though it's probably not going to work: Cut down the drunk-dial frequency and she'll get the message. If you're lucky, her feelings will dissipate and soon she'll assume that the next time her phone rings after midnight, it's a family emergency. After a few dry weeks, she might just let you take another gallop in that old saddle.

Next time, prevent any romantic proclivities by casually mentioning that you've been emotionally torpedoed by a previous engagement. You know, the one that broke off weeks/days/hours before you up-periscoped in Promiscuous Bay. Keep in mind that this can backfire if you appear too vulnerable—and therefore datable. Remember, love is a battlefield, and you are dead inside.



*Dear Scoundrel,  
There were two girls at this party and I wanted to hook up with both of them. Can I go home with one and still have a shot with the other?—D.P., Indiana*

Guys need to learn from the fairer sex on this one. You rarely see a woman prowling a party like a rabid sexual predator. A party is an opportunity to flirt with as many women as possible, then kick back and

reap what you sow over time. Don't get caught leaving with one chick when you've hit on ten. No self-respecting woman would go home with that gigolo—except for the girl with LOW SELF-ESTEEM written across her halter top.

Hooking up with two women at one party is a balancing act so shaky, it could tip the Flying Wallendas. Have a safety net. You told the chick with the hat that you were getting a glass of sangria so you

could talk up the hot librarian? Next time, get that girl's e-mail address early so you can float away before you look too smitten and blow your other chances. If you are talking to one prospect and another walks over, take charge of the situation. Brim with confidence and say something like, "Linda, you've got to meet Tracy. We've been having the most compelling conversation about the heroics of seeing-eye dogs."

Most important,

bounce in and out of the various social loops. If by the end of the night you are still intent on going home with someone, make like Jack Tripper and choose the slutty one.

*Dear Scoundrel,  
My friend helped me land a job interview at his office. He's a great guy, but not the best employee. How do I leverage his recommendation without getting grouped in as a lazy worker?—D.H., New York*

Screw you, pal, for even asking this question. If the guy is so lazy, how did he get you the interview? Your buddy is hustling to get you time with human resources, and you're asking me how to politely stab him in the back? Go fuck yourself! How's that for advice? Why don't you quit crying, tuck in your shirt, and try to make a better impression on them than you did on me?

**Send your questions to [Scoundrel@pmi.com](mailto:Scoundrel@pmi.com)**





# THE POURHOUSE



## The Dark 'n Stormy

Endorsed by pirates and sailors,  
safe for the average landlubber

Few drinks go down as easy as Bermuda's signature cocktail; it's the rare libation that anybody can swill all day without incident. Seriously: Knock one back and just keep going. By your seventh dark 'n stormy, you won't be puking or ogling bearded ladies. You'll just feel hazy and warm and properly sunned. Maybe it's science; something chemical in the mix that turns your average teetotaler into Ernest Hemingway by way of Jerry Garcia. It could be the mellow vibe of the dark rum (always Gosling's Black Seal), or the playful and spicy effervescence of the ginger beer (Barritts, Stewart's, or Regatta brands work well), or that citrus kick from the hint of lime. Perhaps it's the way the elements blend together with such simple brilliance that you can't help feeling, with each emptied vessel, that you're floating on calm seas.

### What to do:

1. Fill a tall glass three quarters of the way with ice.
2. Add two ounces of Gosling's Black Seal rum and eight ounces of ginger beer (which is *not* the same as ginger ale).
3. Squeeze in the juice of one lime wedge, drop in the lime, and stir.







*So much for soy's wholesome reputation.*

**3 VODKA**  
DISTILLED FROM SOY  
ASK FOR IT  
BY NUMBER

[3VODKA.COM](http://3VODKA.COM)

© 2006 3 Vodka Distilling Co. 40% ALC./VOL. Please drink responsibly. Serving Size 1.5 fl oz (42g); Calories 96, Fat 0g, Carbohydrates 0g, Protein 0g

NO CARBS







We've been  
crushing on Kelle  
Marie since she  
was our May 2001  
centerfold, and  
her return as 2003  
Pet of the Year  
Runner-Up only  
increased our  
ardor. Now, the 26-  
year-old is back  
once again to  
show off her sleek  
new look.

Photographs by  
Robert Gordon







Kelle has always known how to showcase her  
white-hot assets. But with six  
years of modeling behind her, she has a new self-confidence  
that only makes us want her more.













The  
sophisticated  
Welsh-born  
blonde  
has never been  
shy about sex,  
and tells her  
guy exactly  
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“Why wait for  
a man to  
make the first  
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## PENTHOUSE TOP 10 THE WORST IDEAS IN SPORTS HISTORY



The NBA adopted a new synthetic ball this season, and by Christmas, players were complaining so vehemently that the league was forced to return to the old leather model. Clearly, it was a bad idea. But it was by no means the first one in sports history.

10. **GLOWING PUCKS** In 1996, Fox Sports attempted to enliven its NHL coverage by inserting electronics in the puck to create a Day-Glo blob around the disc on your TV screen; it became a streak of color when the puck was fired on goal. The whole thing actually looked worse than it sounds.
9. **GUS FREROTTE'S TD CELEBRATION** The Redskins quarterback chose to celebrate his score against the New York Giants by head-butting the stadium wall behind the end zone. He sprained his neck on impact and had to leave the game.
8. **MARATHON PREGAME SHOWS** Look, a little Terry Bradshaw goes a long way. Ditto, with emphasis, for Shannon Sharpe. Why do we need more than half an hour to get ready for a game? We're not playing.
7. **COLLEGE FOOTBALL'S 3-2-5 RULE** In 2006, Wisconsin coach Bret Bielema highlighted the stupidity of this new rule—which states that the game clock starts when the ball is kicked off, rather than when the receiving team touches it. With his Badgers leading Penn State 10–3 and 23 seconds left in the first half, Bielema twice ordered his players to run offside on the kickoff, forcing two re-kicks and burning 19 seconds off the clock before play officially resumed.
6. **THE 9 P.M. EST WEEKDAY START TIME FOR POSTSEASON GAMES** Whitney Houston told us long ago that the children are the future, but baseball doesn't seem to care. These games exclude the young and strain the attention of working adults on the East Coast.
5. **TWO WEEKS OF HYPE FOR SUPER BOWL SUNDAY** Why do we have two weeks between the conference championships and the Super Bowl? It only makes the game—which has a nasty habit of being a blowout—that much more of a letdown.
4. **TERRELL OWENS'S CHILDREN'S BOOKS** This sounds like a headline from *The Onion*, but it's true. Owens published a children's book in 2006. The NFL's ultimate me-first player titled it *Little T Learns to Share*. The irony gets richer: Also planned for the series are *Little T Learns What Not to Say* and *Little T Learns to Say I'm Sorry*. Really.
3. **SEVEN-GAME FIRST-ROUND SERIES IN THE NBA PLAYOFFS** Best-of-three was just right. Five was a stretch. Seven is just cynical profiteering, and hard on the players to boot. NBA champions now play 82 regular-season games—and, potentially, 28 playoff games.
2. **TEN-CENT BEER NIGHT** This happened in Cleveland on June 4, 1974, at a game between the Indians and the Texas Rangers, and by the ninth inning blotto fans poured onto the field to wreak havoc. Indians relief pitcher Tom Hilgendorf and umpire Nestor Chylak suffered head injuries after being hit with portions of the stadium seats.
1. **ISIAH THOMAS, KNICKS GENERAL MANAGER** Sure, ten-cent beer night caused several injuries and thousands of dollars in property damage, but it was a minor ruckus compared to the damage Thomas has inflicted on the once-proud New York Knicks franchise.





The casual sports fan is probably missing it, but **SIDNEY CROSBY** is forging a legend in Pittsburgh.

## The NHL: So Uncool It's Cool

The NHL has bounced back from the 2004-05 lockout like a puck caroming off the corner boards. The league's TV audience is still miniscule compared to the big three (sample ratings: Super Bowl XL, 77.9 million; 2006 Stanley Cup on NBC, an average 3.6 million a game), but its current product is new and improved in every way. In fact, with the 2007 playoffs just around the corner, we're ready to make the call: Hockey, like country music, is so out it's in. Let us count the ways:

- **Like all things hip, you have to be in the know to partake of hockey.** Chances are, Versus—the pay-cable network that televises the NHL—is not among the well-traveled channels of your cable box. You have to hunt for it, but you feel rewarded when you finally locate it every week. It's like finding a killer restaurant in an out-of-the-way neighborhood.
- **The new rules.** The legalization of two-line passes and zero tolerance on clutch-and-grab stuff open up the game and favor the skill players. The result is a wide-open, higher-scoring game.

- **There's no better live experience in sports.** You'll be blown away by the speed, skill, and size of the players.
- **Loads of bright young stars.** We're not just talking Pittsburgh's **Sidney Crosby** and Washington's **Alex Ovechkin** here: Crosby has a teammate, 20-year-old **Evgeni Malkin**, beelining toward the rookie of the year award. The defending champion Carolina Hurricanes have **Eric Staal**, a 22-year-old budding superstar; and Ottawa has 26-year-old **Dany Heatley**, who's among the league leaders in scoring. The list goes on: There's 23-year-old Atlanta winger **Ilya Kovalchuk**, a bruising goal-scorer; 26-year-old **Jonathan Cheechoo** (56 goals in 2005-06) of San Jose, the first member of the Cree Nation to sign an NHL contract; and the league's reigning MVP, San Jose's 27-year-old **Joe Thornton**.
- **Finally, the playoffs themselves constitute the best postseason in pro sports.** They never fail to produce riveting, multiple-OT tension fests. But don't take our word for it; tune in and see for yourself—if you can find Versus on your cable box, that is.



## WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

The 71st edition of the Masters golf tournament tees off on April 2 at Augusta National, with **PHIL MICKELSON** defending his title. If he does, he'll don the green jacket. Every fan knows about this tradition, but where did it come from? In 1937, Augusta higher-ups persuaded club members to wear green jackets during the event, the better to be spotted by visitors seeking information. From this humble, practical origin sprang one of sports' most coveted objects. In 1949, Augusta officials presented winner Sam Snead with a green jacket, making him an honorary member of the ultra-exclusive Augusta National Golf Club (membership is limited to roughly 300, and currently includes Microsoft founder Bill Gates, former General Electric CEO Jack Welch, and former U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz). Previous winners were retroactively awarded jackets, and the tradition has held. Winners are entitled to keep them for a year, but otherwise the coats are kept on club grounds, to be worn only by members and returning champions.



## Becks' Appeal

It's not exactly Pele to the Cosmos in 1975, but it's close: In January, Major League Soccer made the biggest headlines of its 12-year history by signing English superstar David Beckham. Beckham is neither the type nor the caliber of player that Pele was—he's lethal on free kicks and crosses, but he's not going to take over games—but from a marketing standpoint, the deal is a blockbuster. Becks is a global icon whose replica jersey flies off the shelves from Malaysia to Maine, and he'll provide a huge boost to the league's profile. His new team, the Los Angeles Galaxy, sold 5,000 season-ticket packages within days of the announcement. But Beckham may end up generating more excitement off the field. Here are three possible outcomes to the Beckham scenario, in MLS's order of preference:

**1.** He averages a goal every other game, leads the Galaxy to MLS Cup 2007, and inspires Brazil's Ronaldo and Portugal's Luis Figo to sign with MLS. In L.A.—where there are two soccer teams, the Galaxy and Chivas USA, and no football franchises—MLS scores higher TV ratings than the NFL.

**2.** A crunching tackle by New England Revolution defender Joey Franchino ends Beckham's season. He donates the bulk of his salary to Scientology, then takes over Orlando Bloom's part in *Pirates of the Caribbean IV*. Meanwhile, spouse Victoria lands a role on *Desperate Housewives*.

**3.** After a game against Toronto FC, Becks is stopped at the U.S. border and denied entry for wearing a sarong and a ponytail—a clear violation of the Patriot Act. Beckham's traveling companion, Tom Cruise, leans intently over the customs desk, plants a finger in the agent's chest, and says, "You're glib." Both men are deported to England, which refuses to admit them. They become international refugees.



## Tight Genes

Los Angeles Dodgers first baseman Nomar Garciaparra and former women's soccer star Mia Hamm are expecting twins this spring. We're guessing those kids will make the travel team if they choose to play soccer or baseball. What other parents will pass a can't-miss genetic background to their children?

■ **Andre Agassi-Steffi Graf.** They have two children who will either be the best tennis players ever or suffer Jennifer Capriati-style meltdowns. No in-between on this one.

■ **Former pro beach volleyball star Gabrielle Reece-big-wave surfing god Laird Hamilton.** Reece and Hamilton are both six-foot-three former models. Their daughter will rule the surf, the sand, and the catwalk.

■ **Erykah Badu-OutKast rapper Andre 3000.** Their son's name (Seven) was apparently inspired by George Costanza, but he could be the next Otis Redding or Rick James.

■ **Marion Jones-Tim Montgomery, sprinters.** Say what you will about their purported performance-enhancing-drug use (Jones has been dogged by allegations, and Montgomery retired after being banned for two years and stripped of his 100-meter world record): These two are *fast*. Look for their son, born in 2003, in the 2024 Olympics.



Photographs by (left to right) Denis Doyle/Getty Images, Amy Graves/WireImage.com



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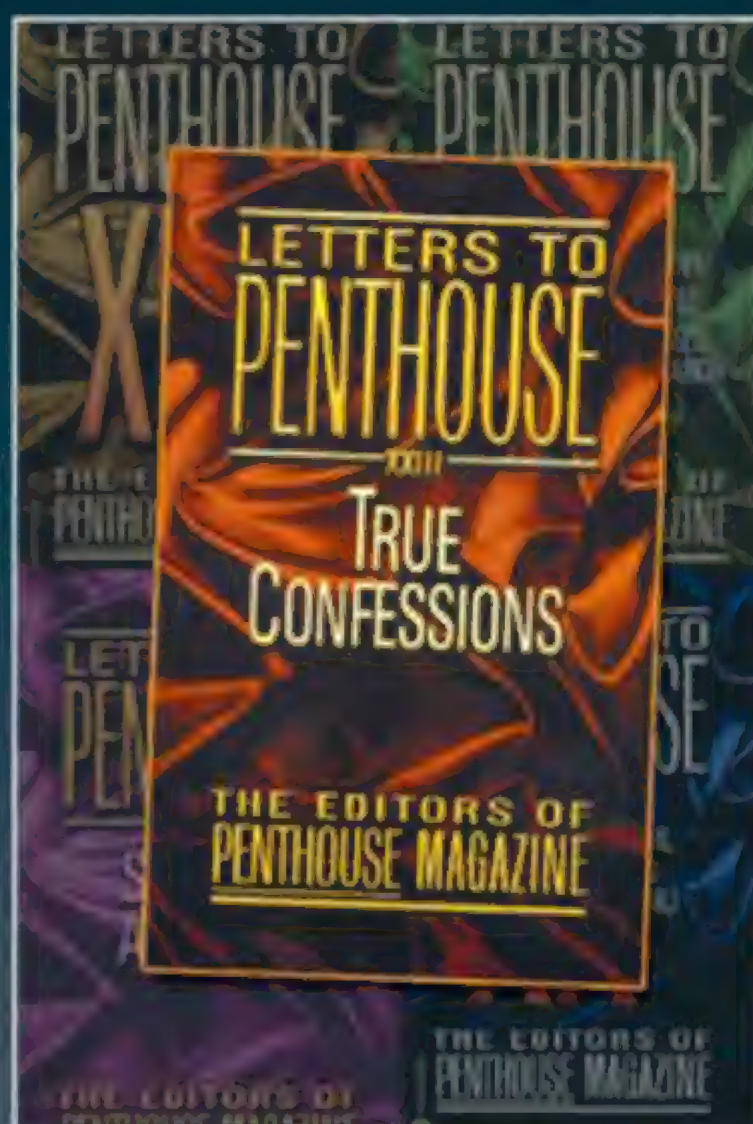
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They've been called poseurs, liars, sellouts, and worse, but these four don't give a crap what you think. The real question is, do they have the skills—and the balls—to make the transformation from pop-punk heart-throbs to genuine rock stars? Paul Semel finds out.



# *Good Hair* BAD

Photograph by Roger Erikson





*Lottie's*

My Dying Bride



There are milestones that signify you've made it: landing the cover of *Rolling Stone*, having Ben & Jerry's name a flavor after you, feeling the double-edged sword of the gossip pages. Take Good Charlotte. A nasty war of words with their ex-drummer Chris Wilson, Joel Madden's trysts with pop stars, and Benji Madden's occasional brawls have made the band a gossip-column favorite. But getting name-dropped in the *New York Post*'s "Page Six" isn't what the Madden brothers, bassist Paul Thomas, and guitarist Billy Martin strived for when they started the band more than ten years ago. They had some early success, but it wasn't until their second album, 2002's *The Young and the Hopeless*, sold three million copies that they began to see real success. In 2004 they released *The Chronicles of Life and Death*, which marked the beginning of their move away from pop-punk and toward electronica-influenced music. Their newest album, *Good Morning Revival*, continues along this path and is flavored with more than just a hint of new wave. We fear that Flock of Seagulls haircuts might be just around the corner, but Good Charlotte assures us that they've still got their edge.

**You've been called poseur punks. What stereotype do you think will be attached to you for this record?**

**Joel:** You know, it blows my mind because—and I can't even believe I'm still saying this after 11 years—when are people going to let go of the cliché of punk? We've never thought of ourselves as a punk band. I've always just wanted to be in a rock band. But we play the Warped Tour and we get thrown into this genre with all these little kids deciding what's punk and what's not. I don't really care. But now ... I don't know, if they say anything at all, it'll probably just be more cliché bullshit.

**What did you set out to do with *Good Morning Revival*?**

**Joel:** We kind of feel we've proven everything we've needed to over the last three albums. We just wanted to make an album we loved, but when we started writing, it all sounded like the same stuff we had done before. Then we went to Vancouver with [producer] Don Gilmore and were isolated, and the stuff just came. We had the new album written in two weeks.

**Benji:** Sometimes I think we get limited by the fact that people aren't ready to take certain things from us. At the time, Joel and I were listening to nothing but the Beatles' *Revolver* and David Bowie, so the songs sound kind of Beatles-ish. To me that is a really great thing, but where I hear a great Beatles homage, other people would think it's just a pop song.

**What else influenced this record?**

**Joel:** There's definitely a new-wave vibe on some of the songs because of the bands we love, like the Cure, the Smiths, Duran Duran ... though it's not as new wavey as, say, the Killers.

**Benji:** I got back into some of my influences. I really, really got back into Oasis.

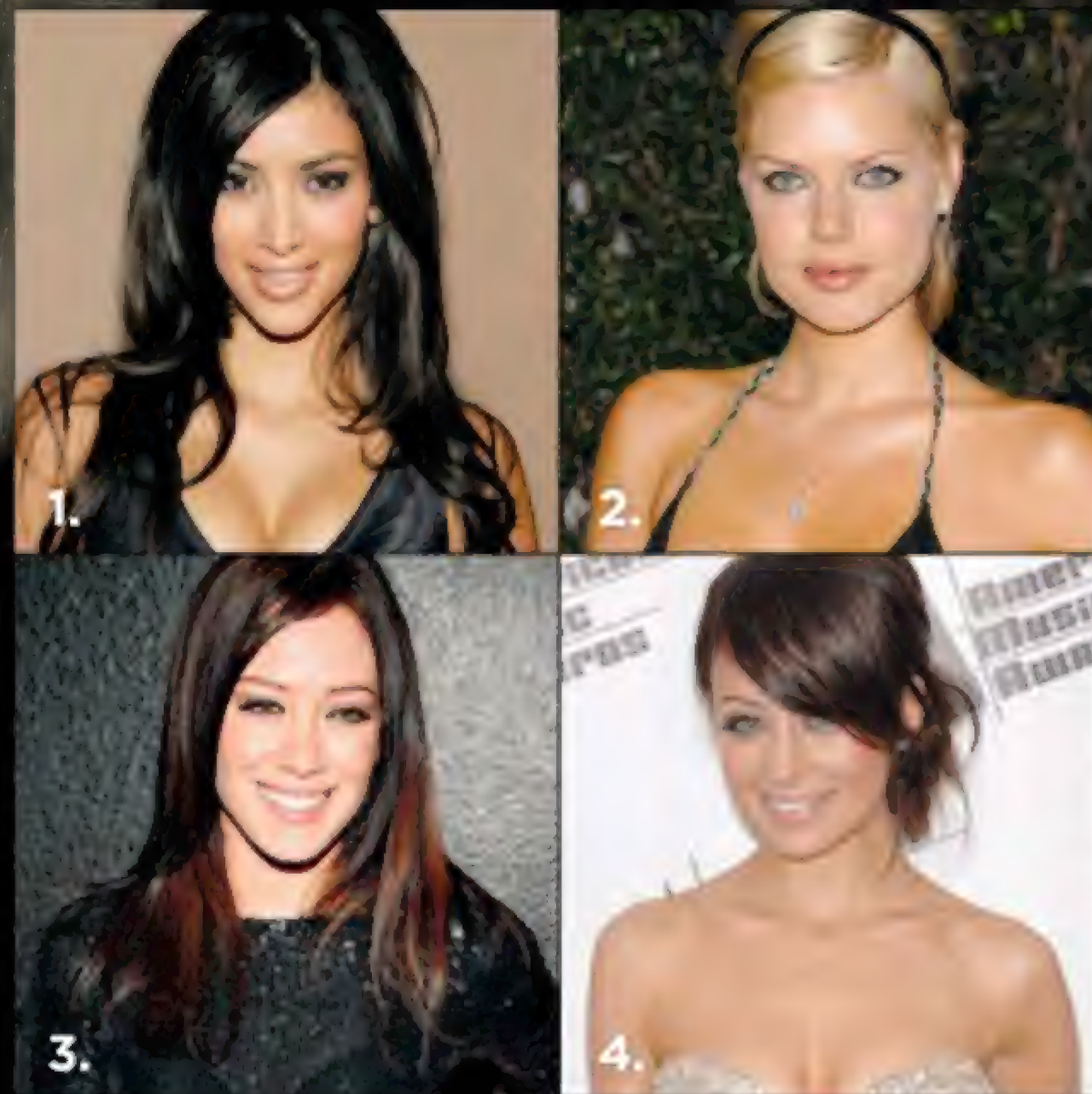
**Dean Butterworth isn't officially in the band, but he's played with you guys for nearly two years. What's the deal with that?**

**Benji:** We've been through so much with our drummers. Deano, though, has by far been the most stable, responsible, non-egotistical—he's just the best drummer we've ever played with, without a doubt.

**Joel:** If you've gone through a lot of shitty girlfriends, you get to a point where, when you meet someone new, you're like, "I'm taking my time before I call her my girlfriend." I love the dude, but we're taking our time with it.

## Maddeningly Hot

Further proof that guitars and a little eye makeup still get chicks.



**1. Kim Kardashian** The daughter of O. J. Simpson's late attorney was photographed leaving a nightclub on Benji's arm last June, and now it's rumored she made a sex tape with her ex, R&B singer Ray J.

**2. Sophie Monk** On Christmas Eve, Benji proposed to this 27-year-old Australian actress and singer.

**3. Hilary Duff** This pop princess and *Lizzie McGuire* star started dating Joel when she was only 17, and stuck with it for more than two years.

**4. Nicole Richie** This super-skinny Hollywood socialite has been enjoying Joel's company since December.

**Are you saying your old drummers were shitty?**

**Joel:** As far as the way they played the drums, no. It was really just with our last drummer [Chris Wilson] that we had a bad experience. We had initially hired him as a touring drummer, but we all grew to love him, and finally made him a full member of the band. But as soon as that happened ... I don't know if it was the money or the attention or what, but he just went completely downhill with drugs and everything. It got out of control and it started to affect his playing and him showing up. Finally we just couldn't do it anymore. We even paid for his rehab.

He got mad at us and left to start this other band. But then about 16 months after, when things didn't work out for him, he hit us up and was like, "You guys owe me money." But we didn't owe him shit. We paid him everything we said we'd pay him—he spent it all on drugs. I remember we actually gave him some money because we felt sorry for him. Then he got on MySpace and wrote these crazy blogs about me and my brother, [about] us being all money-hungry. It was totally just the clichés you'd say about someone who's in a rock band. And we're pretty big, but we're not the fuckin' Rolling Stones. So he was like a bitchy ex-girlfriend. I hope I never see him again.\*

**Benji, you're five minutes older than Joel. Do you ever use that to your advantage?**

**Benji:** I don't think it works in my favor. Since we were



young, I've ended up having to be the more responsible one, so now that's just my role. But every once in a while I pull out the "You're my younger brother. Shut up!" card.

**What's the craziest thing a groupie has ever done to meet a band member?**

**Benji:** I had a girl fly to a show because, apparently, we had made eye contact on the street once. I didn't want to send her away since she had come all that distance, but then she started telling me how she had been in love with me since then.

**Joel:** There was that girl who pretended she had cancer.

**Paul:** And the mom was the mastermind! Moms are always the ones who are the bad people using their daughters.

**Billy:** One time this woman was like, "You need to meet my daughter, she's the most beautiful girl you've ever seen." Then the girl showed up and she was 14, but dressed like she was 18. I didn't need to see that.

**Do you ever reward fans who go the extra mile?**

**Joel:** It depends. If they climb a fence or some shit, that's pretty awesome. But if they do something that fucks with my mind, that pisses me off.

**Paul [to Billy]:** Do you remember that time we walked upstairs to a second-floor dressing room and there was a girl who was halfway through the window? That time we were like, "You'll get a picture with us and an autograph, but after that you're getting kicked out." I always kind of commend them for doing that shit.

**Does it figure that now that your fans are of legal age, you're all in relationships?**

**Benji:** Yeah, but I could never see having sex with a fan as a real comfortable situation, no matter what age they are.

*The Drummer Speaks*  
**Chris Wilson tells his side of the story.**

\* "That is a complete lie. They paid for the rehab, but then they stopped paying me and made me pay back almost all of it. Those dudes, they're fucking crazy. I have a new band, the Summer Obsession, but [Good Charlotte] has all my gear from when I left. I've been requesting my stuff for over a year and Benji and Joel would be like, 'Don't worry about it, man, we'll take care of it.' They're all talk. Their loyalty lies in money. They write some good songs and deep down I love those guys, but I'm very disappointed at who they've become."

\* "I didn't have fun for the last year I was in the band and should have spoken up about it, but I was too afraid to leave the situation. I went into self-destruction mode and ended up doing OxyContin and shortly after that, heroin. That's the number-one argument they're going to have against me. I understand that and feel horrible because I can't imagine what it's like to watch someone try to destroy themselves, but at the same time, nothing I ever did mattered in that band. I've never been in such a weird position where two people blatantly disregard other people in their band and override their decisions and make people feel like shit on a consistent basis."

Your significant other loves you, and they're proud of the work you do, but it's different than putting you on a pedestal.

**Have you ever thought, *Dear Penthouse*, I never thought this would happen to me ...?**

**Joel:** Dude, I'm in a rock band. I've been in this band for 11 years [and] I've had plenty of crazy experiences with girls. I could probably write a book. Back when we were on our first tour, you'd always meet some hot girl at the show and would have six hours to kill, so you end up going to her house. But you don't know she has a boyfriend, so you end up hiding in the closet when he comes home. There were plenty of those.

**Did you ever have to run for your life?**

**Joel:** There was never a time when I actually got chased down by a boyfriend. I'd probably end up fighting him before I'd let him chase me down. I just had to wait until the girl got him out. But I would be sitting in the closet, sweating bullets for, like, an hour.

**Are things still crazy?**

**Joel:** When we were younger, we definitely went wild. But now that we're older, we just kind of hang out. Sometimes a girl will come on the bus, and we'll be in the middle of a conversation or something, and she'll be like, "Oh, this is really not what I was looking for. I was kind of hoping for drunken nudity and stuff." We disappoint a lot of people.

**Paul, you haven't been in the gossip columns. How do you feel about other members of the band figuring prominently in them?**

**Paul:** You mean how I hear about my bandmates from other people? It's weird. It used to just be "Joel dates Hilary [Duff]," but now everybody knows a lot about both of them. It's kind of surreal. Like, I've been around Joel and Nicole [Richie], and she has these huge security guards and the paparazzi are going crazy. I think the whole thing is a nightmare and I'm glad it's not my life, but I'm happy for Joel that he's having a good time and that he's happy.

**You were all friends long before you started touring. Is there anything you've learned about one another that has surprised you?**

**Benji:** Paul smokes a lot of weed. I knew that, but living together you get to know just how much weed.

**Joel:** Billy's terrified of snakes.

**Billy:** That came up in the first month.

**How?**


**Joel:** I think he saw one on TV, and he looked away. I was like, "What's wrong?" He said, "I can't stand snakes. I can't even look at them." I really didn't believe him, so I'd show him pictures, but he wouldn't look. I don't get it, it's bizarre.

**Does that mean you've never seen an Indiana Jones movie?**

**Billy:** I have. I just look away. I can't even look at a photo of a snake without getting sick to my stomach.

**Weird. Speaking of movies, are you ever surprised when you hear one of your songs in a film or on TV?**

**Paul:** I'm always surprised when we're on ESPN. What the heck are we doing on ESPN?

**Joel:** I don't care what my song is in. I don't care what the fuck it is. I don't care if it's a porno or *Sesame Street*. I'll never say no to someone using our songs. 





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# HARD NEWS

APRIL 2007

## What a Waist

By Andrew Essex

For most guys, it was the erotic equivalent of seeing a flying saucer. Your first sighting probably took place around the end of the twentieth century. There you were, strolling down Fifth or Melrose or Main, minding your business, when all of a sudden some hottie slinked by in jeans cut so drool-inducingly low, you thought you'd surely lost your mind.

*What the ... Did you see that?*  
Ah, the golden age of the low-

But brace yourself, brothers, because the age of the high-waisted jean is upon us.

The cruel oracles of the fashion business have pronounced the low-rise trend officially *over*. This spring, they say, you'll see a lot less skin as jeans rise a virtual mile above the navel. All those skillfully positioned tattoos will be muffled; all those belly buttons we once ogled will soon be banished inside a denim burka.

“The cruel **oracles of the fashion** business have pronounced the **low-rise trend officially over**. All those belly buttons will soon be banished inside a denim burka.”

rise jean. A sartorial breakthrough as revolutionary as the bikini, a glorious showcase for a band of female flesh we'd never properly appreciated: five inches of premium territory, from the navel to the northern edge of where reason told us her bush should begin. Denim had already given us such wonders as Daisy Duke's cutoffs, but low-rise jeans flattered like never before, and of course women figured it out before we did. Suddenly, they were *everywhere*—bare bellies at the workplace, the airport, on network TV. And for six or seven glorious years, we stupidly took them for granted.

Maybe it had to happen. Maybe jeans actually went too low. When you start seeing ass crack at the office, and enough plump party girls let their gut plop over their waistband to coin the phrase *muffin top*, perhaps a little modesty isn't all bad. But *this*? Couldn't we have a little compromise? High-rise jeans look *hideous*. The only people who look good in them are calculus professors and Oliver Hardy—and Scarlett, of course. So take a stand and fight for your right to stare. Urge your female friends to just say no to this dangerous and epically unflattering censorship. After all, shouldn't form always trump fashion?



Leave it to Scarlett Johansson to (nearly) disprove our theory. Here, she models the new high-rise look at last year's *Imitation of Christ* fashion show.





“I grabbed Salma [Hayek]’s ass just to keep things moving because everyone was a little slow. And of course, the energy changed when I did that. There are magazine covers in Mexico describing us as these lesbians because of that. A lot of people were saying we were lovers.”

—Penélope Cruz

(Source: Australia’s *Courier-Mail*)



## Coming for Peace

What better way to join together for peace than to literally come together? The first Synchronized Global Orgasm for Peace Day on December 22, 2006, drew participants from New York to Bangkok. The event’s Website, [GlobalOrgasm.org](http://GlobalOrgasm.org), makes the opportunistic claim that orgasms unleash a positive energy that can decrease violence throughout the world. Though the event was started by U.S.-based antiwar organization Baring Witness—whose activists are best known for spelling out PEACE with their naked bodies in public spaces—our nation’s results were disappointing. Los Angeles ranked highest in the U.S. but only held congress 1,524 times—compared to Madrid, Spain, whose citizens broke the 5,000 mark. Call in sick, because it looks like we have a lot of catching up to do.

# \$750

The price to act out a 90-minute pilot-and-flight attendant role-playing fantasy in the swanky cabin of Mile High AZ’s twin-engine Cessna 320 as it soars at 6,000 feet

## Hot for Teacher

This tantalizing advertisement, which runs with the tagline “Girls Dressed by Boys,” was banned by Ireland’s Advertising Standards Authority for fear that it would entice young men to leer at their teachers. The ruling against the ad—which touted a reality TV show where men compete for dates by purchasing sexy outfits for the woman in question—only created more publicity for the show, which was about to go into reruns. Though the station claims it doesn’t court negative publicity, it does believe that in the entertainment industry, it is very important to be a little risqué without entirely overstepping the mark.”



CAILÍNÍ GLÉASTA AG BUACHAILLÍ

Príomhaíocht Éireann de Lúan 10.00in

Gach rath ar Aiste Ní Thairisig láithreoir Paisean Faisean.

TG4

Súil Eile

Photographs by (clockwise from top left) Retna LTD, Agency, Publicis QWP Dublin, Courtesy of KikDM







Definition:

# ass antlers

\ 'as \ 'ant-lərz \ n

a tattoo on a woman's lower back that branches upward from her booty and resembles the horns of a buck. See also: *tramp stamp*, *bulls-eye*, *pull-out target*

Photographs by (left to right) Chris King, Photonica/Getty Images



## Man, I Feel Like a Woman

The metrosexual havoc wreaked by *Queer Eye* and David Beckham's faux-hawk may run deeper than you thought. A recent study by the New England Research Institutes found that testosterone levels have dropped 20 percent over the past two decades, at the rate of approximately one percent each year. A lack of testosterone can result in loss of bone mass, skeletal muscle, and—as you might have suspected—impaired sexual activity and drive. The cause for the decline isn't known yet, but the researchers suspect that an increase in environmental chemicals might be a contributing factor. Whatever the cause, you need to determine your level of affliction.

### Ten signs you might be less of a man than you used to be:

1. You know all the words to Shakira's "Hips Don't Lie," and you can shake yours with the best of them.
2. You customize your emoticons.
3. You want to cuddle—and you're the little spoon.
4. Outings with your girlfriend no longer end with a fight because you get busted checking out other women.
5. Beer makes you feel bloated, so you've switched to Bacardi and Diet Coke.
6. You call "just to chat."
7. You've upgraded your thread count.
8. You wear skinnier jeans than your girlfriend, and she's not on the portly side.
9. Seeing Britney's vagina fills you with righteous indignation.
10. You've got a playlist on your iPod called "Divas."

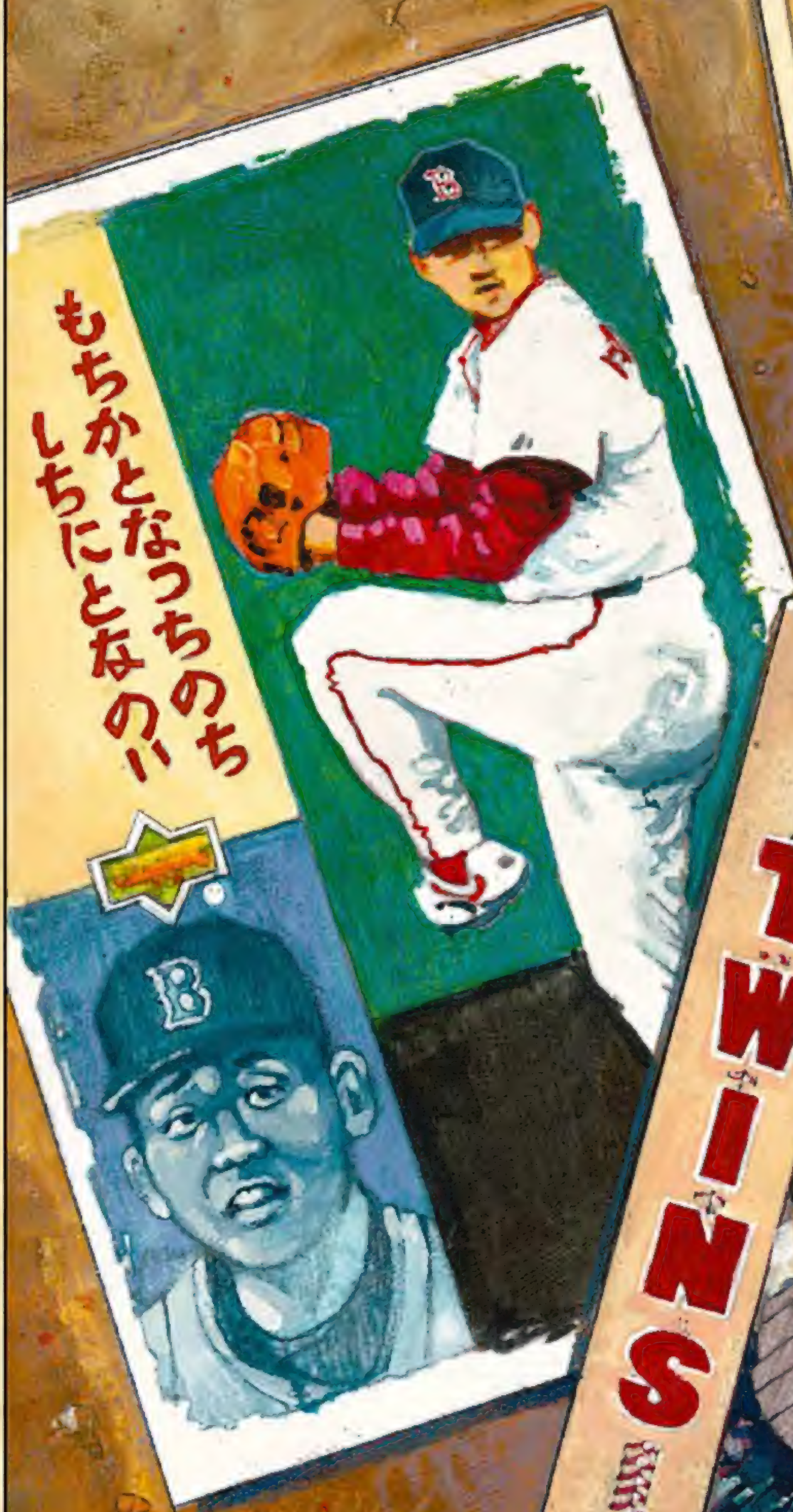
\$1,750

That's how much this hand-sculpted obsidian glass dildo or this 18-karat-gold vibrator from Sweden will set you back. So, what kind of bang do you get for your buck? The Gold Lelo is so quiet that you won't be distracted by its buzzing as your girl moans in ecstasy. And though the beauty of the dildo will be hidden when it's used, it's supposedly contoured to stimulate her G spot. There's no guarantee that spending all this money will give your girlfriend better orgasms, but indulging in her good time is always an aphrodisiac. They're available from Kiki De Montparnasse in Manhattan. ([KikiDM.com](http://KikiDM.com))





Freddy Garcia



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MALLE



# The International

## 2007 MLB PREVIEW









# PASTIME

Baseball's global scope, the high cost of pitching, and major league's hottest (and loudest) wife, Anna Benson.

Plus: We ask key questions of each team, and make playoff predictions.

Illustration by Michael Malle

Like steroid-free sluggers in the late 1990s, quality pitching is in short supply these days. In the off-season's most noteworthy transaction, the Boston Red Sox shelled out \$103 million to get the Seibu Lions' **Daisuke Matsuzaka**, a right-hander who has never faced major-league hitters before. The blockbuster deal was not just another sign of baseball's international reach, it was also proof of how much teams are willing to gamble for a reliable arm. It may be a sellers' market, but rest assured that whichever team gets the most out of its pitching corps will come out on top. Here's how the divisions will shape up come October.

N.L. EAST		N.L. CENTRAL		N.L. WEST	
	<b>Philadelphia Phillies</b> —How important was the Freddy Garcia pickup? It gives the Phils a big-time arm to go with rising star Cole Hamels and No. 3 Brett Myers. That's a 1-3 to compete with any in the N.L.		<b>St. Louis Cardinals</b> —Will the Cardinals brass pay for off-season idleness? No: The division is weak, and after a similarly inactive winter in 2005-06, the Cards won the World Series.		<b>Los Angeles Dodgers</b> —Did the Dodgers wrap up the N.L. West when they landed right-hander Jason Schmidt? The smart money says yes. Schmidt, Derek Lowe, and Brad Penny make a tough top three.
	<b>New York Mets</b> —Is Omar Minaya really starting the year with Tom Glavine and Orlando Hernandez as his 1-2? Looks that way. Moises Alou will boost the already potent lineup, but the Mets need another starter.		<b>Milwaukee Brewers</b> —Is the Brew Crew poised for a wild-card berth? Not quite, but with hitters Prince Fielder and Bill Hall and the addition of Jeff Suppan, they'll be in the mix.		<b>San Diego Padres</b> —How much does Greg Maddux have left in the tank? Not enough to lead this group—which lost Josh Barfield—to a third straight division title. Even if Jake Peavy gets back on track.
	<b>Atlanta Braves</b> —How much will the Braves' new-and-improved bull pen help? It'll preserve enough leads to help Atlanta make the N.L. East race more competitive, but the loss of slugger Adam LaRoche could prove costly.		<b>Chicago Cubs</b> —Will Lou Piniella pop a neck vein managing this group? We give it till June. He and Soriano are probably worth ten wins. That puts the Cubs at 76-86 this season.		<b>San Francisco Giants</b> —Will righty Matt Morris have a bounce-back year and give the Giants a potent 1-2 combination following Barry Zito? Yes, but the lineup is in disarray—even without the ongoing Barry Bonds saga.
	<b>Florida Marlins</b> —Can Marlins owner Jeffrey Loria live down firing manager of the year Joe Girardi? Maybe, with help from '06 N.L. rookie of the year Hanley Ramirez, Dan Uggla, and lanky lefty Josh Johnson.		<b>Pittsburgh Pirates</b> —Will the Pirates have a team worthy of their fine new stadium? No, but Jason Bay, Freddy Sanchez, and Adam LaRoche will boost them out of the cellar.		<b>Colorado Rockies</b> —Will Jason Hirsh have a breakout year in his first full season in the majors? The six-foot-eight righty went 13-2 with a 2.10 E.R.A. in Triple-A. But Coors Field is a hitter's park, to say the least.
	<b>Washington Nationals</b> —Who's steering the ship in Washington? The Nats let Alfonso Soriano go and got nothing in return, which is what Nats fans get for their loyalty.		<b>Houston Astros</b> —Carlos Lee in, Andy Pettitte and (most likely) Roger Clemens out equals ...? Lots of home runs, for and against. A contender no more.		<b>Arizona Diamondbacks</b> —With Randy Johnson, Brandon Webb, and Livan Hernandez, won't the D-backs be dangerous? Yes, but the N.L. West will be tight from top to bottom.
			<b>Cincinnati Reds</b> —Did you know Cincinnati is baseball's oldest pro team? This year's pitching-poor Reds will mark a low point on a storied timeline.		



A.L. EAST		A.L. CENTRAL		A.L. WEST	
	<b>New York Yankees</b> —Is this the year to bet against the evil empire? Sorry, but the Yanks have improved their pitching with Andy Pettitte (and Roger Clemens?), and of course they're still loaded on offense.		<b>Minnesota Twins</b> —Will Joe Mauer and reigning MVP Justin Morneau make up for 2006's first-round fold against the A's? Yes, despite owner Carl Pohlad, who throws around nickels like manhole covers.		<b>Los Angeles Angels</b> —Five years and \$50 million for Gary Matthews Jr.? Hey, he had a good season last year (.313, 79 RBIs), and he shores up the outfield. Add him to Vladimir Guerrero, Chone Figgins, and a staff that includes Ervin Santana and Bartolo Colon, and you'll have a division title.
	<b>Boston Red Sox</b> —Do the Sox have the best rotation in baseball? If Daisuke Matsuzaka pans out they do, and they upgraded their offense, too. New York has Boston's number.		<b>Chicago White Sox</b> —Can the 2005 champs return to the top? They lost Freddy Garcia and they're in baseball's toughest division, but any team with Paul Konerko, Jermaine Dye, and Jim Thome will be hard to beat.		<b>Oakland A's</b> —Can the A's survive the loss of Barry Zito and Frank Thomas? Not as a play-off team, but Mike Piazza will help and the staff still includes Rich Harden, Danny Haren, and Esteban Loaiza. Good enough for second.
<b>WILD CARD</b>			<b>Cleveland Indians</b> —What happened to the Indians in '06? Oh, yeah. They choked. But with Josh Barfield joining a core of Jhonny Peralta, Grady Sizemore, and Travis Hafner, look for a bounce-back year.		<b>Texas Rangers</b> —Will the Buck Showalter effect (see sidebar on page 71) impact Texas this year? Unfortunately for Rangers fans, no—not even with new closer Eric Gagne, 17-season veteran Kenny Lofton, and young arm Brandon McCarthy.
	<b>Toronto Blue Jays</b> —Can 38-year-old slugger Frank Thomas reproduce last year's magic, when he hit 39 homers and drove in 114 runs for the A's? The Jays are betting on it. Look for a three-team race here.		<b>Detroit Tigers</b> —How important is the addition of Gary Sheffield? His potent bat will add a lot, but not enough to keep the young Tigers from slipping back to the pack.		<b>Seattle Mariners</b> —Will the cloud-cover finally lift in Seattle this year? Despite the best efforts of Ichiro Suzuki, Adrian Beltre, Richie Sexson, and Raul Ibanez, it's another fourth-place finish for the Ms.
	<b>Baltimore Orioles</b> —How bad are things in Baltimore? Last year, 1,000 Orioles fans staged a protest against owner Peter Angelos, who has presided over nine consecutive losing seasons. Make that ten.		<b>Kansas City Royals</b> —Was the Gil Meche signing (see sidebar) a cruel joke on the Royals' faithful? Apparently it was. The franchise is eons removed from its 1980s heyday.		
	<b>Tampa Bay Devil Rays</b> —Do the lowly D-Rays have MLB's most exciting player in Carl Crawford? They might, and he's gotta be frustrated with the lack of talent surrounding him.				

## \$ellers' Market

If you thought Barry Zito's seven-year, \$126 million deal with San Francisco was a bit much, take a look at the four mugs who benefited most from the pitching drought this off-season:

**VICENTE PADILLA**—Despite a history of severe arm trouble, Padilla signed with the Texas Rangers for three years and \$33.75 million. The right-hander, who hasn't produced an E.R.A. below 4.00 since 2003, is a fly-ball pitcher who will now be playing at drafty Ameriquest Field—one of the most hitter-friendly parks in the majors.

**ADAM EATON**—In seven years as a starter, Eaton's never won more than 11 games in a season. That didn't stop the Phillies from giving the six-two righty a hefty three-year, \$24.5 million deal.

**MIGUEL BATISTA**—Desperate for starting pitching, the Seattle Mariners forked over a \$24 million, three-year contract for Batista, a 12-year veteran with a 68-79 career won-loss record.

**GIL MECHE**—This deal is already a punch line: The Kansas City Royals' penny-pinching owner, David Glass, finally opens up his checkbook for ... Meche, a career third starter whose E.R.A. usually hovers around 5.00. He'll get \$55 million over five years.—*Peter Schrager*



## The New Curses

Myths, curses, and streaks are as much a part of baseball lore as hits, strikeouts, and Steve Balboni's waistline. You know about the Curse of the Bambino, which left Boston in 2004; the curse of the Black Sox, which gripped Chicago until 2005; and the curse of the Billy Goat, which remains at Wrigley. But there are four ongoing hexes—we'll look at them in the next three pages.

## PLAYOFF PREDICTIONS

### National League

**Mets defeat Cardinals in three**  
**Phillies defeat Dodgers in five**  
**Phillies defeat Mets in six**  
 It was only a matter of time: Shaky closer Billy Wagner finally lets the Mets down in a big spot—Game 6 of the NLCS, against his former team.

### American League

**Twins defeat Yankees in four**  
**Red Sox defeat Angels in three**  
**Twins defeat Red Sox in five**  
 Francisco Liriano and Johan Santana outduel Daisuke Matsuzaka and Josh Beckett.

### World Series

**Phillies defeat Twins in seven**  
 This battle of upstarts goes to Philadelphia as Ryan Howard and Chase Utley, and the leadership of Freddy Garcia and Aaron Rowand, get the Phils through a tight series and on to their first World Series title since 1980, vanquishing the curse of William Penn.



# Leading Exports

George Costanza's Art Vandelay persona isn't the only master of importing and exporting. No, Japan and the United States have been shipping professional baseball players back and forth for quite some time now. Baseball fans are well aware of the Japanese imports who've made it big in the majors (Seattle's Ichiro Suzuki, a surefire Hall of Famer, and the Yankees' Hideki Matsui), as well as those who've bombed (the Yankees' washout pitcher Hideki Irabu, and the Mets' and Giants' outfield bust, Tsuyoshi Shinjo). But the export side of this trade is less well-known among U.S. fans.

Here are the five greatest American-born players to impact the Japanese game:

## 5. Boomer Wells, Orix BlueWave 1983-1991, Daiei Hawks 1992:

Not to be confused with pitcher David "Boomer" Wells, first baseman Greg "Boomer" Wells was one of the most prolific hitters in Japanese baseball history. In ten seasons, Wells produced a .317 career batting average and drove in more than 900 runs. In 1984, he became the first foreign-born player to win the Japanese League Triple Crown (.355, 37 HR, 130 RBIs).

## 4. Ralph Bryant, Kintetsu Buffaloes 1988-1995:

After hitting only eight home runs in three U.S. seasons, Bryant found his stroke in 1989 for Japan's Kintetsu Buffaloes, belting 49 dingers. He went on to hit 259 homers in his eight years in Japan.

## 3. Warren Cromartie, Yomiuri Giants 1984-1990:

The sixth pick in Major League Baseball's 1973 amateur draft, Cromartie found his way to the Yomiuri Giants a decade later, becoming the most beloved American player in Japan's Central League. In 1989, Cromartie hit .378, won the MVP Award, and led his squad to a Japan Series title.

## 2. Karl "Tuffy" Rhodes, Kintetsu Buffaloes 1996-1998, Osaka Kintetsu Buffaloes 1999-2003, Yomiuri Giants 2004-2005:

A former Chicago Cubs outfielder who once hit three home runs off Dwight Gooden on opening day, Rhodes left the majors and became the all-time leader in home runs among foreign-born players in Japan, with 360 career roundtrippers. His 55 homers in 2001 tied Sadaharu Oh's single-season Japanese League record.

## 1. Randy Bass, Hanshin Tigers 1983-1988:

In 1985, Bass, who is currently a state senator in Oklahoma, won the Japan League Triple Crown, the Japan Series MVP, and led the Hanshin Tigers to the team's only Japan Series Championship. A year later, the first baseman wrapped up his second straight Triple Crown while hitting .389—a single-season batting-average record that still stands today.—P.S.

## The Curse of David Cone

Everyone knows about Babe Ruth's change of address from Boston to New York in 1920, but little ink has been spilled over David Cone's move from the Yankees to the Red Sox in 2001. A beloved member of four Yankees World Series-winning teams, Cone signed with the hated Red Sox following the 2000 season. The Yanks haven't won a World Series title since.

# AROUND THE HORN ON YouTube



Recently, we've been craving the footage that fueled our love for the game back when we were still rocking Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles pajamas. So we scoured YouTube, entering keywords like *brawl*, *no-hitter*, and *Dan Gladden's mullet*. Here are the best clips we found:

### 1. "Earl Weaver"

Legendary former Baltimore Orioles manager Earl Weaver loses his cool with an umpire. Want an excerpt? Weaver to ump: "You are here for one Goddamn specific reason—to fuck us good!"

### 2. "Game six of the 1986 World Series with Nintendo RBI Baseball"

The buildup to Bill Buckner's immortal gaffe—all reenacted, pitch by pitch, on Nintendo, with Vin Scully's call.

### 3. "1984 Tigers World Series celebration"

For Detroit fans and eighties aficionados: a montage of downtown Detroit and the Tigers celebrating their win over the Padres. Jack Morris's mustache is incredible. Bonus: a cameo by name hall of famer Rusty Kuntz.

### 4. "Ryan Freel: king of the web gem"

Not an oldie, but definitely a goodie: a jaw-dropping highlight reel of one of the best fielders in the game.

### 5. "1986 Mets theme song"

Here is the 1986 Mets' answer to the 1985 Chicago Bears' "Super Bowl Shuffle," featuring Gene Shalit, Ed Koch, and of course, Joe Piscopo!—P.S.

## The Curse of William Penn

In 1987, the One Liberty Place skyscraper went up in the City of Brotherly Love, exceeding the height of William Penn's statue atop Philadelphia's city hall. Many Philly fans are convinced that the new building is an affront to Penn, the city founder, and they blame it for the recent failures of Philadelphia teams, which haven't won a title since the building's completion. But Billy Penn's curse is in serious jeopardy this year (see "Playoff Predictions," opposite page).





# BENSON BURNER

Baseball's sexiest wife heats it up for the 2007 season

It's safe to assume that Anna Benson needs no introduction. Her backstory is well-known by now: Single mother working as a stripper to support her child meets minor-league pitcher Kris Benson. The two advance to the majors together. In 2004, Benson famously told Howard Stern that she'd sleep with every one of her husband's teammates on the New York Mets—including the ball boys and clubhouse attendants—if he ever cheated on her. The line was obviously a joke, but that didn't stop it from generating a small firestorm in the media and firmly establishing Benson on the pop-cultural landscape.

Despite her scrapes with the tabloids and a very public flash of marital tension last season, Benson retains her grasp on the twin titles of baseball's sexiest and most outspoken wife: She's hot as a pistol—and her mouth is still working overtime. Recently, we found proof of both.—Ed Condran

## Is it easier living in Baltimore than New York?

Yes. I love Baltimore. It's nice because I don't get harassed there. It's nothing like when we were with the Mets. I love New York—that city has my heart. But as far as Kris goes, it's good that Baltimore is so chill. He can just do his job. He doesn't have to worry about all this media crap. I'm not an Orioles fan, a Pirates fan, or a Mets fan. I'm a Kris Benson fan. I have no loyalty to any club but to Kris.

## Does it bother you that after the Mets traded Kris, they got to the brink of the World Series?

The Mets lost [a chance at winning] the World Series because of a red dress. That doesn't bother me. That should bother them.

## So the infamous "Anna Claus" incident—when you wore that revealing dress to visit Santa at a team Christmas party—was the reason Kris was dealt to the Orioles?

If I were a Mets fan, I would be beside myself. You look at all the injuries they had with Pedro [Martinez] and beyond, and you know Kris would have taken them to the top last season. The *New York Post* wrote that I was scantily clad and the Mets were horrified, and then sure enough ... Kris was traded. But why is everyone blaming me for Kris being traded? What the fuck did I do? I wore a red dress. What do they care more about, a fucking dress or a world championship?

## The Mets picked up two starting pitchers for one—did they get the better deal?

They got a fucking bag of balls for Kris. They didn't get shit. Julio Jorge [*sic*] and John Maine. They traded a number-one stud pitcher who was 30 at the time, and they blame the red dress.

## How did you last for 14 hours during the 2005 World Series of Poker against pros with considerable experience?

Boobies. It's absolutely true. I sit down at the table and the other players stare at me. They're used to staring at guys. When I sit down, it's distracting.

## How distracting is your mouth?

I talk a lot of shit. I upset some of the macho guys. They get all pissed off when I talk and sweep them on a couple of hands. Some of them are scared to death when I talk. It's fascinating.

## In some ways, playing poker and pitching are similar.

It's true. Baseball is like poker when it comes to strategy. Kris taught me to be



## The Curse of the Colonel

When the Hanshin Tigers won the title in Japan in 1985, their fans were overjoyed. Seeking a look-alike of team MVP Randy Bass—a six-foot, bearded white American—for their celebration, they rushed to a local Kentucky Fried Chicken, ripped down a statue of Colonel Sanders, and jubilantly tossed it in the river. Hanshin hasn't won a title since.

poised and to not give things away with tics or signals. He's a great poker player.

### Why did you get ejected from 2005's World Series of Poker?

They came up with this stupid rule in the World Series. You can say anything, any curse word, except *fuck*. There was a guy next to me who mistook a \$5,000 chip for a \$500 chip. I said "fuck." The dealer heard me. I said to the foreman, "Let me get this straight. I can say any other word but fuck? I can say shit, pussy, and dick ..." It's ridiculous. We're gambling in Vegas. There is no need to get moral on my ass.

### You and Kris have been baseball's top couple—

There hasn't been a fascinating baseball couple since Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe. I'm trying to change the thinking of baseball. It's very old-world thinking. They need someone to stir it up. Being a baseball wife is important. Who do you think organizes every fucking thing they do? We do. They go to the clubhouse and play video games and get ready for work. We do the rest and get no credit.

### Will Phillies left-hander Cole Hamels and his wife Heidi Strobel threaten your status as baseball's most happening couple?

There's a new couple brewing? That's killer. Who the fuck are they? Replace me. I don't give a shit. What's her name again?

### Heidi Strobel. She was on *Survivor*.

I'll look her up. My crown is going to be torn off my head. I could care less. Anyone wants my crown, tear it off my head so I can go to a spa.

### Are you a big movie fan?

I'll watch a movie for 15 minutes and say, "This is a dumbass movie," and Kris gets pissed: "You've hardly seen it. Give it a chance before you say it's dumb." I like kick-ass movies like *A Clockwork Orange* and *The Godfather*. I hate the movies that don't make sense. I remember seeing Keira Knightley in this movie [*Domino*] that drove me nuts. She's messing around with nunchucks. That skinny bitch can't do anything to anybody. I don't care if she has ten nunchucks.

### What role would you like to play?

Wonder Woman.

### There's a new version of *Wonder Woman* in the works. Rumor has it that Britney Spears is up to play her.

How the hell is Britney Spears going to be Wonder Woman? How is she going to fit her fat ass in Wonder Woman gear? That should not happen. Nominate me for this role. I'll tell people that you brought me in.

### Consider it done. Do you admire any female actresses who have portrayed action heroes?

I liked Rebecca Romijn in *X-Men*. Halle Berry was good as Catwoman. She looked good in that tight-ass outfit.

### How did you like Berry in *Monster's Ball*?

Did you see that? It was a fucking role. I can't do that on-screen with another man and have my husband and kids watch it. I can't do that. It was real. Billy Bob is frigging gross. He is so gross and weird.

### If he's that weird and gross, how did he score Angelina Jolie?

I can't figure that out. He's a fuckin' weirdo. He's got that phobia.


### It sounds like you have a Billy Bob Thornton phobia.

I'm not saying I wouldn't work with him.

### You look very good for a woman with three kids. What work have you had done?

I had two boob jobs. You need maintenance. You have to do what's good for your kids and then what's good for you. You get the work done and you look great in clothes. You feel great naked. That's what matters. You want to feel great in front of your husband. Kris appreciates it.

### How are things with you and Kris? You filed for divorce last year but quickly withdrew the motion.

Just like so many things with us, that was blown out of proportion. Everything is fine between Kris and me. We got married again on February 3. We've been together for ten years and married for eight. Everything is good between Kris and me. I don't care what people have to say about that stuff. I don't take it personally. You have no control over the media. Just spell my fucking name right. Kris and I are doing great. We want more children. We couldn't be happier. 

# YOUNG KING COLE

Phillies left-hander Cole Hamels and his wife, former *Survivor* contestant Heidi Strobel, could be baseball's next "it" couple.



Speaking at a fund-raising dinner in Boston this past January, reigning National League MVP Ryan Howard said that there are four baseball players he would pay to see: Albert Pujols, David Ortiz, Roger Clemens, and Cole Hamels. Who the hell is Cole Hamels?

A six-foot-four left-hander with a 94 mph fastball and a devastating change-up, who went 6-3 with a 2.55 E.R.A. over his final 11 starts for the Phillies in 2006. "He can be an ace up here," says Braves manager Bobby Cox. "He's got it all."

That last accolade extends beyond the baseball diamond. Hamels has superior talent, millions of dollars on the horizon, and a very hot wife in Strobel. The two were married on New Year's Eve, and are the early favorites to surpass the Bensons as MLB's most happening couple. Strobel turned heads on *Survivor* when she and fellow contestant Jenna Morasca stripped in exchange for peanut butter and oreo cookies.

That's our idea of working for food.

While Strobel may not be able to serve up a quote like Anna Benson just yet, we're willing to give her time to develop, much like her husband. If Hamels fulfills his potential, he'll be a much better pitcher than Kris Benson, whose career record hovers around .500. But the jury is still out on the equally important question of who has the sexier wife. You make the call.

## The Buck Showalter Effect

The last two men to replace Buck Showalter as manager promptly led Showalter's former teams to World Series titles. Joe Torre did it with the Yankees in 1996, and Bob Brenly turned the trick with the Diamondbacks in 2001. Want a solid preseason bet in Vegas? Take Ron Washington and the Texas Rangers at whatever odds they're giving.—P.S.



# Fake The Book

How to Seem Like a Better Person ... Without Actually Doing Anything

By Amir Blumenfeld, Ethan Trex, and Neel Shah

Editor's note: As a reader service in the next several issues, we will be publishing excerpts from an especially insightful new self-help book, *CollegeHumor.com's* Faking It: How to Seem Like a Better Person Without Actually Improving Yourself.

## READ THIS FIRST!

What kind of person do you want to be? Sophisticated, witty, resourceful? Armed with a broad array of cultural knowledge matched only by a deep well of practical know-how and an effortless charisma with the opposite sex? Odds are, you desire these attributes not just so you can spice up your internal monologue. No, you want them so you can impress people. Show a little extra flair and nabbing sexual partners becomes infinitely easier, right? Conspicuously displaying heightened intelligence and diligence can only score you points with your boss. Are you picking up on a pattern here? The important thing isn't *who* you are; it's who other people *think* you are.

Your imperative is clear, then. You have to fool everyone you encounter into believing you're some sort of elevated, im-

proved man. It sounds like lying, but it's not. Okay, that's a lie in itself, but our strategies aren't designed to maliciously bend the truth. Rather, think of them as easy little ways to smooth off some of your rough edges by adding a nice soft putty of deception. Oh, that still sounds bad. Whatever, the point is, these tricks will work. Trust our tips, be firm and confident, and nobody will ever know you're in completely over your head.

## BE DISMISSIVE TO HIDE YOUR IGNORANCE

People say there's nothing more impressive than admitting when you don't know something. They mostly say it to themselves, though, because these people have no friends. It is most impressive to be able to always speak intelligently and authoritatively about any topic that may come up.

You can't possibly be Master of All Domains, but you can certainly seem like you are. The easiest technique to achieve this effect is to be dismissive of the topic at hand. The trick here is to keep it fairly vague while using words that don't really

mean anything. For example, if someone wants to discuss the importance of T. Rex's *Electric Warrior* as the best proto-glam record of all time, and you have no idea what T. Rex or glam is, keep your cool. Confidently say, "Are you kidding me? If that record were any more derivative, it would be in a calculus textbook." If your interlocutor continues to press the issue, throw out a condescending gem like, "If you can't see how obviously they crib from their influences, you should probably give it a closer listen."

Why does this technique work so well? First, you're showing some courage to openly disagree with whomever you're talking to. Sitting and nodding the whole time doesn't really require any thought or guts, but disagreeing does. Second, people perceive that it takes some deeper understanding and analysis of something to dislike it. Finally, and perhaps most important, the vague nature of your dismissal means that you can't be asked the kind of specific questions that reveal your lack of knowledge. If you hate something, nobody's going to ask you what your favorite part was. This method is air-





Movie still from the Koolha Collection

tight. Use it wisely, but don't break it out too often. Nobody wants to be around the guy who hates everything. Also, you'd be dead wrong about that T. Rex record.... It fucking rocks.

### WHEN NOT TO FAKE IT

It's important to keep in mind that you must use this advice judiciously or people will think you're a jackass—you must be selective when wielding your new skills.

Always gauge your audience. Act genuinely interested when your girlfriend's dad explains that you really can make a living having yard sales: "You just have to go get new merchandise every day, you see. If you play it right, you'll be able to move up to a carport sale by this time next year." You can't argue with that kind of success, even if you did make it through college with a 2.95 GPA, so keep your skepticism to yourself and act impressed.

Finally, you should never, ever act smart in the presence of people who are legitimately brilliant. You'll end up looking a hundred million times worse than you would have if you'd just kept quiet or asked some well-considered questions.

### THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T FAKE

To avoid considerable embarrassment, legal fees, and potential incarceration, the following are off-limits:

- Driving stick shift without prior practice.
- Installing electrical wiring.
- Trick-shooting. (We don't care how many times that carnival worker dared you; there's no way you can shoot that apple out of your girlfriend's mouth with that crossbow.)
- Delivering a baby. It seems easy on every TV hospital drama you watched as a child, but there's more to being an emergency obstetrician than telling her to breathe and push.

While most faking requires you to do certain things and act in certain ways, faking it in the dating world requires you to avoid certain situations and refrain from saying certain things. And if you think attaining girls is difficult, wait until you try keeping them. A loving, committed relationship is very difficult to fake. You'll have to act like you care about every little complaint and every insignificant quarrel. "Really? She didn't serve the fruitcake you brought?

That Carole has always been trouble, baby. Tell me all about it at halftime."

### WHERE TO HOOK UP

Bars and clubs are great for meeting girls, but sometimes they're more effort than they're worth. On top of having to pay for shit, you have to deal with other dudes, loud music, and girls' nights out. That's why approaching girls in other public forums is a solid move. If you do it without being creepy, girls will be flattered that you put yourself out there. Over the course of a weekend, we tried picking up girls everywhere from the post office to the park. Here are the best three:

#### ► Art Museums

The best place to meet girls in an art museum is ... the art-museum coffee shop. You can accurately assess who she's there with without having to wonder whether her boyfriend is looking at paintings in a different wing. You can talk and joke freely without having to worry about being reprimanded by the museum ushers. Finally, and perhaps most important, you don't even have to talk about art.



# “Inventing a story about your ‘first arrest’ for something relatively minor can give your cred a huge shot in the arm.”

## ► Clothing Stores

Where are all the pretty girls? In stores, you dickélf you can convince a good girl friend of yours to take you shopping, you're golden. You can't hang out alone by the women's dressing room without looking like a sketchy pervert, but if you're with a girl (and you're not actually in the changing area), it's way less creepy.

## ► Organic-Food Markets

Places like Whole Foods are crawling with girls who think regular supermarkets are for poor people. These are also the sort of girls who refuse to drink tap water and sit around with their friends trying to figure out which character from *Sex and the City* they'd be, but they're usually hot, so what can you do. Ask a girl to help you

Once you've settled on an offense, you need to get your story straight. The exact context of the event itself isn't important; people are going to want to hear about how you actually went to jail. Remember to keep saying, “Look at me! I was scared shitless to be going to jail. When they took my mug shot, that's when it hit home for me.” Talk about how the ink from the fingerprinting wouldn't come off for days. Describe the holding cell you were in, and talk about how you made friends with dudes who were there for not paying their child support or kidnapping a hooker. Don't forget, your listener is going to want specifics, so make up some good ones. Don't have yourself staying in jail too long, but say it was “the scariest six hours of your life.” Of course, when it went to court, you totally got off because the charges were bullshit, but you've seen the inside of the joint. The clink. Ol' pokey. People will quietly respect you, and women will love your bad-boy flair.

## BEWARE HER LARGER FRIEND

Ah, the fat friend. Every group of attractive females keeps one around to ensure that they themselves are not the token fugly at the bar. There are two ways you can identify who the fat friend is:

1. She's the one holding the sandwich. (No, you cannot have a bite.)
2. She's the one who is actually cool (thus keeping with the scientifically proven corollary that larger girls tend to have the best personalities since, unlike their hotter counterparts, they've actually been forced to cultivate them).

At this point, you're probably thinking to yourself, *Why should I read about fat girls, much less make conversation with them?* Because having the fat friend on your side is a huge (ha-ha) asset when you try to hook up with her hotter friends.

First, a point of clarification: When we say “fat,” we don't mean morbidly obese. Rather, we mean the girl who is somewhat larger than her friends—probably because she drinks beer instead of Diet Coke with vodka, eats greasy food late at night instead of starving herself, and does less blow—but is significantly more enjoyable to hang out with for exactly these reasons.

Fat Girl knows she's not the cat's meow in the looks department, but is comfortable with it, which means she won't block your attempts to hook up with her hot friends—unlike Skinny Girl, who tends to be an insecure, jealous



Movie still from the Kobal Collection

Wait for a girl to try on something and when she comes out to look at herself in the mirror, say something gay like, “Ooh, those jeans fit really well,” or, “I like that dress, but the back is a little weird.” Nine times out of ten she'll say, “Really?,” after which you say, “Yeah, I think my ex (so she knows you're not a 'mo) had something a little less flowy (or whatever, it doesn't matter), maybe try that?” And she'll be all, “Thanksé”

Then just keep talking till your actual friend comes over and proves that you're not some loony tune hanging out in the women's department. The girl you're trying to pick up will be impressed that you actually went shopping with a female friend of yours, but make a joke like, “Yeah, we're actually going to a dog fight after this,” so she doesn't think you're a total metrosexual.

choose appropriately ripe fruit (“How the hell are you supposed to tell if this papaya is ripe or not?”); better yet, tell her you're cooking dinner for a group of friends tonight, and does she have any suggestions for a good appetizer? The key is just coming off natural and goofy—like you're not actively trying to hit on her, even though you both know you are.

## GETTING HER INTERESTED BY LYING ABOUT BEING ARRESTED

Inventing a fictitious story about your “first arrest” for something relatively minor can give your cred a huge shot in the arm. How to pull off this tricky maneuver? First, try something simple. Speeding at a level that mandated an overnight stay in jail, underage public intoxication, or punching a cop in the face for being a “total fucking asshole” are all acceptable.



minx. The second you express interest in the hot friend of Skinny Girl, she'll do everything in her powers to ensure that you don't have a shot. Never confide in Skinny Friend. But Fat Girl is good times, and she likes it when you have a good time. Which means if you guys have a good rapport, and if you're not a total fucking scumbag who's fucked over her friends before, she'll go out of her way to extend a helping hand in the courtship process. She knows things your borderline-retarded guy friends don't have the faintest clue about. Should you call Jenny on Thursday, or wait a few more days to avoid looking desperate? Do you have any shot whatsoever with Ali, or is she way the F out of your league? Fat Friend will offer up carefully reasoned responses peppered with insider info. It's like having a fleshy, jiggly cheat sheet.

So the next time Fat Friend is at a bar being ignored, go buy her a beer. She's one of the best resources around.

**EXTREMELY IMPORTANT NOTE:** No matter how drunk you are, no matter how good an idea it might seem "just this once and we'll keep it a secret," you *must not* hook up with Fat Friend. This has nothing to do with her being fat and having your friends mock you for it (okay, maybe it has a little to do with her being fat). This girl is your greatest ally, but if you're always hanging out, she'll probably have at least some semblance of romantic interest in you. She knows you're out of her league, so she will be a good friend. However, if you get naked with her, she might get ideas. You'll have to defuse them, which means that you'll hurt her feelings, lose your Fat Friend, or both. So show a little self-control and go to an all-night diner instead. She's always hungry.

#### DEFUSING A GIRL BEING CRITICAL OF HER BODY

Every squirrel finds a nut at some point, so eventually you'll be successful in your quest. But this is not the time to let down your guard. Let's say you're in bed doing some postcoital snuggling, and you compliment some part of her body in an attempt to make her feel nice and possibly win some extra credit. At this point, she will invariably not only fail to take the compliment, she'll throw it back at you by saying, "Oh, God, I hate my (body part)!!! It's my least favorite part!"

Well, you didn't think that far ahead, did you? What, you thought she'd giggle and say thank you? Jesus, no wonder you just lost your virginity on your 27th birthday; you know *nothing* about women. Now your ass is in a serious crack. You have to successfully deflect this self-criticism, and "Yeah, but that means half of your eyes *aren't* crossed, too!" isn't going to carry any water here.

This situation is a sticky one, but you

can get out of it with a little planning. Follow these steps.

You're going to immediately go to hell for doing this, but before giving a compliment, make sure you've pinpointed any problem with her body. This way, you are fully expecting her forthcoming criticism and you can come up with some convincing-sounding counters before you give the initial compliment. Be sure to spout these back instantly or they will seem made up. Some examples:

"No, they don't need to be any bigger! You're aerodynamic like this."

"I know it gets you loud calls from construction workers, but it will pad your back from getting strained later in life."

"It's not a 'hoof,' honey. It's a conjoined



toe, and you're beautiful just the way you are."

"I wouldn't call it a 'beard'; it's really more of a Fu Manchu."

Sometimes, you won't be able to head this one off at the pass because it will come out of left field: A girl so beautiful she makes you want to weep tears of joy and semen that you've gotten her naked will complain about her ass, which is, for all intents and purposes, perfect. When this happens, you shouldn't try to defuse the criticism. You should calmly get out of bed, get dressed, walk out the door, and never return. It doesn't matter if you were at your apartment. She can keep the lease. Anyone who's beautiful and still not happy with her appearance is obviously insane and should be avoided in a relationship. This kind of low self-esteem is like a gaping cold sore on their soul; you don't want to catch it. ☪

*Excerpted from Faking It: How to Seem Like a Better Person Without Actually Improving Yourself, by the writers of CollegeHumor.com. Published by arrangement with Dutton, a division of Penguin Group (USA), Inc. Copyright © 2007 by College Humor Press, LLC.*

## BONUS XXX DVDs!



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New Hampshire's  
Erica Campbell loves  
all of the White  
Mountains' many  
outdoor sports. But  
watch out:  
If you can't keep up  
with her on a  
hike, how will you  
ever be able  
to keep up  
where it counts?

Photographs by  
J. Stephen Hicks




# Her Amber Ways









Erica's down-home attitude means she's rarely found hanging out at the mall. She'd rather spend her spare time camping, fishing, and "working on my farm and caring for my animals. It's a labor of love."

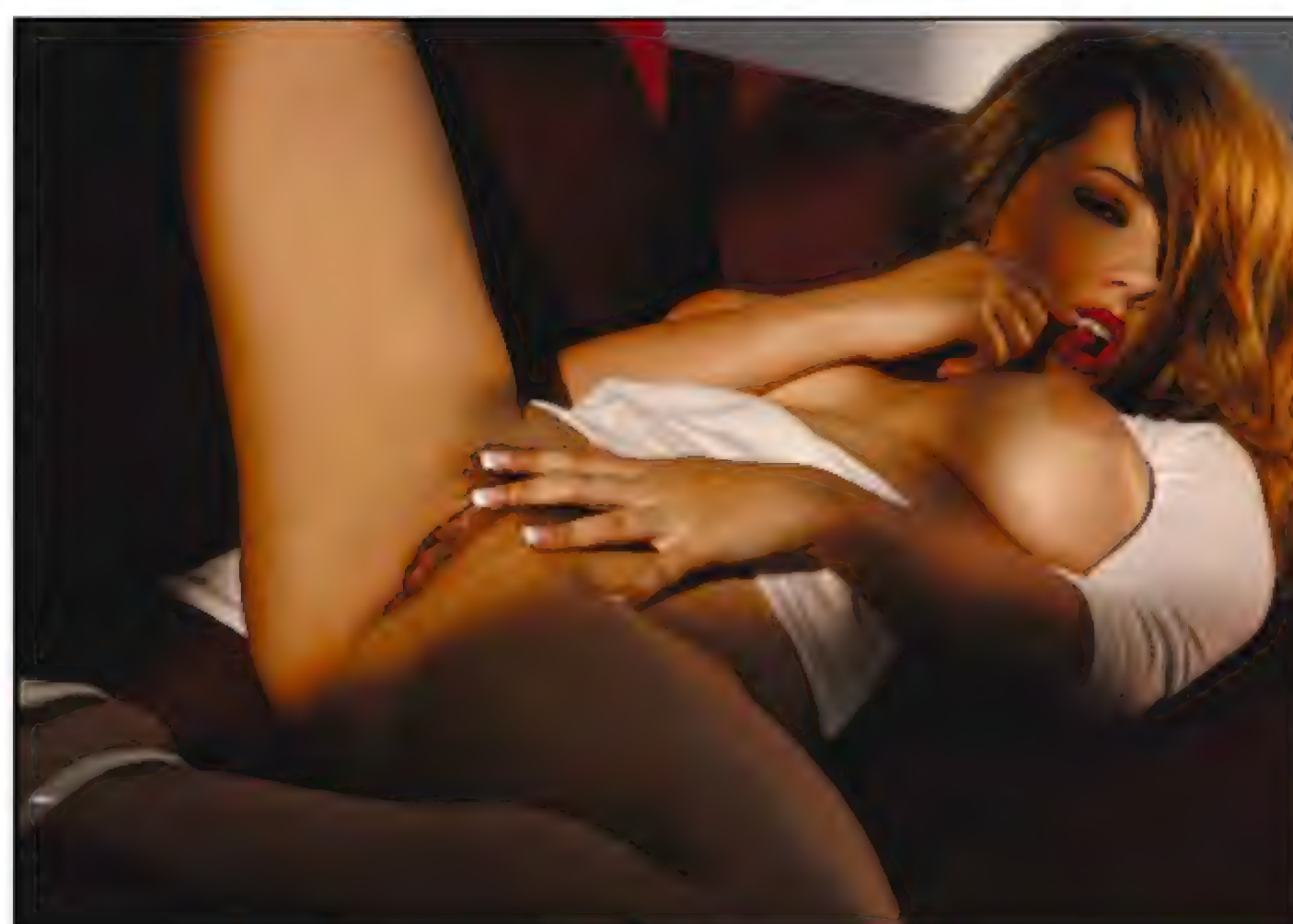








"I'm a bit of a chameleon  
when it comes to my modeling.  
I think it's so much fun  
to be able to play different parts  
and explore my sexuality."





Surprising for a girl who's this hot, stoking Erica's flames is as easy as chatting her up under the stars. "A date should be light and fun.... Dinner and maybe some quality time on the docks at the lake." Get in some QT with Erica at [Penthouse.com/erica](http://Penthouse.com/erica).



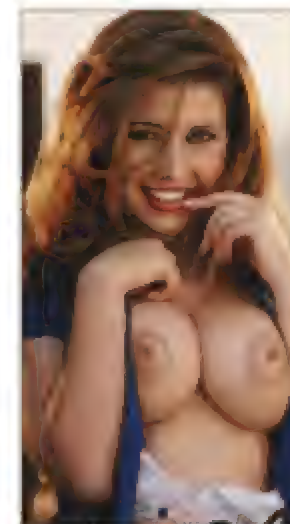






APRIL

2007



Erica

**VITAL STATS:**

25 years old, 5'5"  
36-26-36

**FAVORITE FOOD:**

I'm a steak-and-potatoes  
kind of gal

**FAVORITE DRINK:**

red wine

**IF I HAD A MILLION  
DOLLARS, I'D:**

start up a big rescue  
organization for unwanted  
and abused animals.

**FAVORITE WORKOUT:**

a long ride on one of my  
horses

**TURN-ON:**

an older guy who knows  
what he wants

**FAVORITE TV SHOW:**

*Heroes*, and I'm an  
*American Idol* addict!

**FAVORITE MUSIC:**

Kenny Chesney, Willie  
Nelson

**FAVORITE VACATION**

**SPOT:**  
Mexico

**MOST DARING  
MOMENT:**

I went skydiving in Hawaii

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# Screwing Screwups

Alexander Pope once wrote, "To err is human, to forgive divine." But then, he probably never experienced an err that almost ripped his genitalia off. This unfortunate incident happened to my old roommate, Lisa, when she was with her then-boyfriend Matt. They went out one night and afterward came home to have the kind of wild monkey sex that would make Tarzan blush. But Matt got a bit too rough. Instead of pulling down her panties, he pulled them up—thinking they would rip off and he would have a story to brag about to his frat brothers. It was the type of underwear-rip move he'd seen in the movies, so he thought, *How hard could it be?* Pretty difficult, as it turned out, because Lisa's hoo-ha tore first.

The night ended with them in the ER, where a doctor prescribed a topical antibiotic for the small vaginal laceration. Matt apologized, of course, and Lisa knew he didn't do it on purpose; but she and her vagina held a grudge for two weeks, replacing sex with the silent treatment. Eventually she forgave him, because everyone makes mistakes—even in the bedroom.

Sex mistakes are just like regular mistakes, only they tend to penetrate our psyche deeper due to the intimacy of the act and the involvement of sensitive body parts. So why does everyone make them? Because we're human. We're imperfect creatures who sometimes lack good judgment or finesse. On other occasions, our animalistic nature cuts off our thought process, turning us into bumbling, aggressive



"On some occasions, **our animalistic nature cuts off our thought** process, turning us into **bumbling, aggressive** sex maniacs."

sex maniacs.

But committing erotic errors is essential to becoming a better lover. If it's your nature to be outgoing and spontaneous during sex, you're likely to make a real blunder. But we learn from our mistakes, and trial and error is what's responsible for our evolution—even in sex. So if you accidentally anally penetrate your girlfriend, apologize—then tell her you did it for her satisfaction ... in the future.

There are lots of ways to screw up, but here are three common fuck-ups to avoid:

all right, then kicked him out of bed for degrading her when all she wanted was for him to tell her how good she made him feel.


## THE ORAL SLIP

With all the obstacles in one's mouth (teeth, gag reflex), it's easy to make mistakes during oral sex. Every dude has experienced toothy head at some point, and some never get head at all if their girlfriends really suck at, well, sucking. Sometimes, though, it's what you *add* to oral sex that can ruin it. To wit: I was eating Pop Rocks, the candy that explodes in your mouth, when I figured it might feel awesome if I went down on my boyfriend with the candy in my mouth. Well, he didn't pop and it didn't rock—he said it felt like little bugs were attacking his dick.

## THE VOCAL SLIP

Whether you're shouting out your hot neighbor's name (while you're fucking your wife) or spewing cringe-worthy dirty talk, one wrong flick of the tongue can make a good screw turn sour. My friend Jake's girlfriend once asked him to be more vocal during sex. Since he wasn't used to uttering anything more than grunts, he decided to turn to porn for clues. Later, when he made love to her, he softly whispered in her ear, "You're a dirty whore! Now spank me, bitch!" She hit him,

## THE ANAL SLIP

God really fucked up by putting the vagina and anus so close together, leaving a real slim margin of error for a guy's aim. Just ask my friend John, who was pumping away on his girlfriend when he lost his bearings and slipped out. Not wanting to lose his momentum/erection, John quickly put it back in ... the wrong hole. Within a matter of seconds, the girlfriend went from anal virgin to anal bleeding—and was not happy with him. Of course, she had no problem getting vocal in bed. 



# MotoWha?

**Architect Michael Czysz (pronounced *sís*) carves his unique moniker on a radically new American bike.**



I don't know about you, but if I were the head of a very successful architectural-design firm with a family legacy in motorcycles and racing, I'd blow off buildings for a while, design an incredibly innovative race bike, and start a new American bike company. I mean, just how hard can it be?

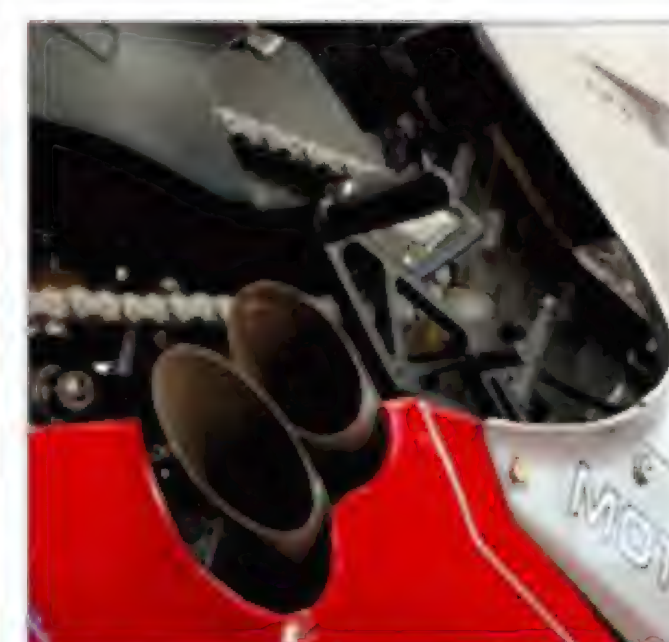
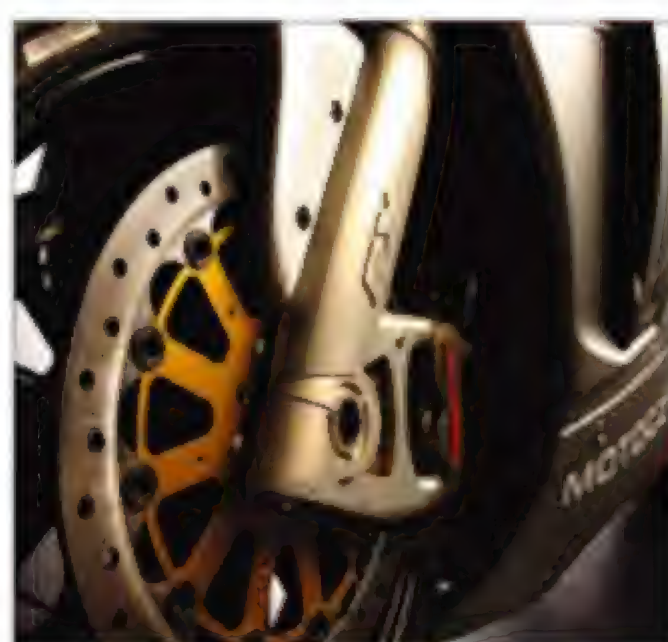
Industry types warn that such an undertaking would be both futile and expensive, but Michael Czysz is thundering ahead anyway, and the result is one intriguing machine. Czysz and his engineers are reinventing the sport bike, using a MotoGP-inspired platform to showcase new technologies, race in official competitions, and eventually build a line of production bikes by around 2008. This all starts with the C1 race bike and a limited-edition, handmade replica version—there are 50 available now, for a whopping \$100,000 apiece.

Every aspect of the MotoCzysz C1, from the engine to the electronics to the suspension, uses innovative technology. To be successful, all these fresh ideas have to work together as a functional, seamless unit.

Although it might have been prudent to start with common design practice and then gradually introduce the radial hardware, Czysz is having none of that. "There is an inherent sense of adventure and reward in taking the road less traveled that is very appealing to true motorcyclists," Czysz writes on his blog. "It is an insanely bumpy ride and a little








dangerous but there is little traffic. In fact, at times it feels nearly deserted—nobody to ask which way to go."

Such thinking breeds amazing deviations from the norm, like the 200-horsepower 990-cc Z-line engine. The C1 is powered by a longitudinally mounted four, with the cylinders slightly offset in pairs and attached to twin, counter-rotating crankshafts. This wild architecture is designed to balance the engine and reduce the gyroscopic effect of a conventional crankshaft. Like a bicycle wheel that's more likely to stay upright when it's rotating rapidly, a spinning crankshaft keeps the bike stable during quick transitions, blasting through a tight chicane, or knifing through traffic.

The suspension is also unique, and testing has revealed a sharp-handling motorcycle with exceptional road feel. Could the C1 be the next American two-wheeled wonder that will change conventional thinking and rule both on the track and on the street? It certainly has all the right elements. 

## SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type:	Liquid-cooled, twin-crank Z-line four
Bore x stroke:	82 mm x 46.85 mm
Displacement:	990 cc
Fuel system:	Single overhead fuel injection
Ignition:	Electronic, fly-by-wire throttle
Transmission:	Six speed, quick change with slipper clutch
Front suspension:	6X Flex fork with coaxial Ohlins monoshock
Rear suspension:	DUO spring with regressive Ohlins shock
Front brakes:	Dual Brembo 320-mm discs
Rear brake:	Single Brembo 320-mm disc
Front tire:	Michelin 120/75 R420
Rear tire:	Michelin 195/65 R420
Fuel tank:	5.5 gallons
Wheelbase:	Adjustable from 1,420 mm to 1,475 mm (55.9 to 58 inches)
Seat height:	825 mm (32.5 inches)
Dry weight:	Less than 350 pounds
MSRP:	\$100,000

**Svelte, sexy, and loaded with technology, MotoCzysz's C1 is a fierce motorcycle that strives to prove what twenty-first-century American ingenuity can bring to the street and track.**





# DRIVING FORCE

## Rowdy Audi

**The 2007 RS4 will quicken your pulse, toss your stomach, and make you pity all those BMW drivers in your rearview mirror.**



**The RS4's Audi-logoed brakes are stolen right out of the Lamborghini Gallardo, and the eight-pistoned, velocity-squelching calipers bring the beast to a stop from 60 mph in less than two seconds.**

The new Audi RS4 is not a responsible car. It is loud, expensive, global-warming, and gas-guzzling. It will earn you the scorn of ninny intellectuals and the disgust of humorless women. But when you drive the RS4 the way it should be driven—that is, right up to the edge of human and machine capacity—you flirt dangerously close to perfection.

This is a mighty little sedan—lithe, lightweight, and utterly explosive—that extends the Audi tradition of hiding ferocity in a metal cloak of respectability. Built on the more subdued A4 chassis, the RS4 is to the A4 what a hurricane is to a mist. Under the hood lurks an all-aluminum 4.2-liter V-8 that generates 420 horsepower. The s button, placed subtly on the control panel, switches the vehicle into sport mode; the already eager accelerator becomes hyper-responsive and the exhaust manifold opens up, causing the growling engine to roar.

With a sticker price exceeding \$65,000, the RS4 is positioned to go up against BMW's more



expensive M3. On the track, the Audi clocks zero to 60 in 4.8 seconds—faster than the M3. Part of the miracle of the RS4 is that it's a very hungry carnivore in a vegetarian's clothing. It's a four-door, and aside from the sexy 19-inch seven-spoke wheels, brake vents, and silver detailing along the window trim, little about its appearance advertises its ability to blow the doors off just about any vehicle on the road. It can be your secret. **O+**



## Wolves in Disguise

Think you need a chrome header or flames painted across your door to lead the pack?

Think again, dog. To the uninitiated—and that includes state troopers—some of the best performers on the road can look downright sheepish at first glance. Here are our favorites.

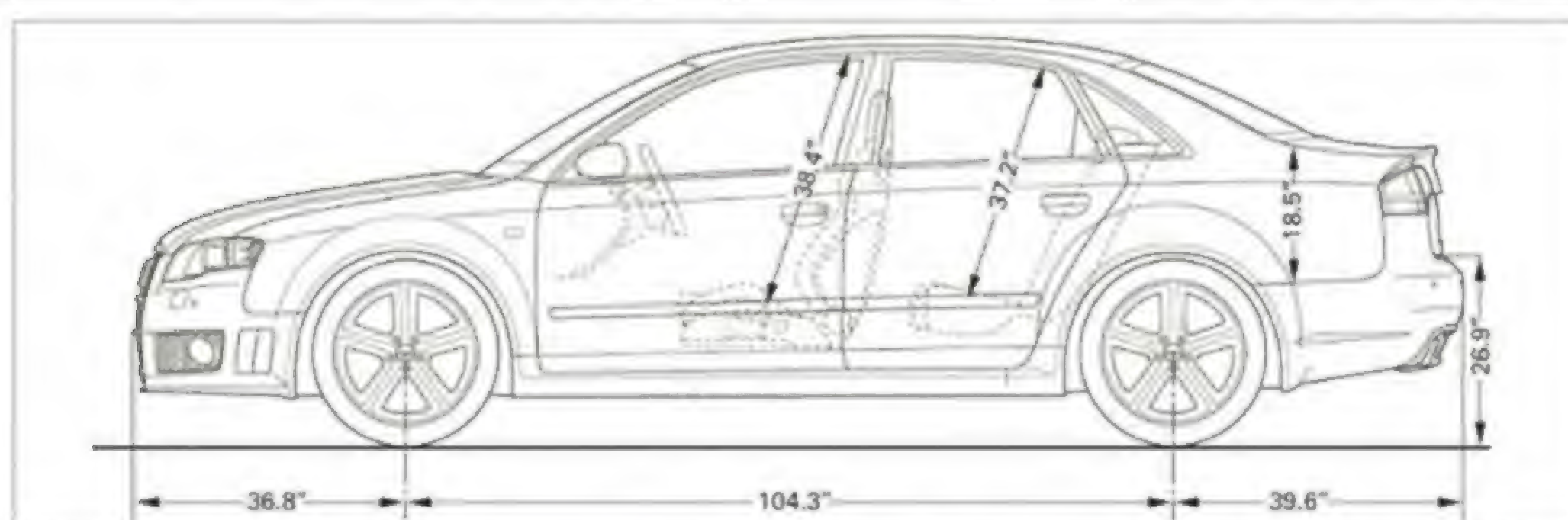
### Mitsubishi Lancer Evolution IX MR



The hidden force of the Evo's turbocharged inline-four makes this very affordable and unassuming sedan

the darling of the urban tuner set. It will shame just about any car on the road. Seriously.





## AUDI RS4

### Specifications

Body style:	Five-passenger, four-door sedan
Engine:	4.2-liter V-8, DOHC, 32-valve, naturally aspirated, electronic fuel injection
Power:	420 horsepower
Torque:	317 foot-pounds
Transmission:	Six-speed manual
Front suspension:	Four-link independent
Rear suspension:	Double wishbone
Wheelbase:	104.3 inches
Tires (front and rear):	Aluminum 255/35 R19 wheels with Pirelli PZero Rosso
Curb weight:	3,957 pounds
<b>Performance</b>	
0-60 mph:	4.8 seconds
Top speed:	155 mph (governed)
Fuel economy:	14 mpg city, 21 highway
Price (as tested):	\$73,530

## 2007 Infiniti G35



The G35 has always been the little Maxima that could, but this year's more powerful, sleeker update

will make your neighbor in the slower BMW 335i regret spending \$5,000 more than you.

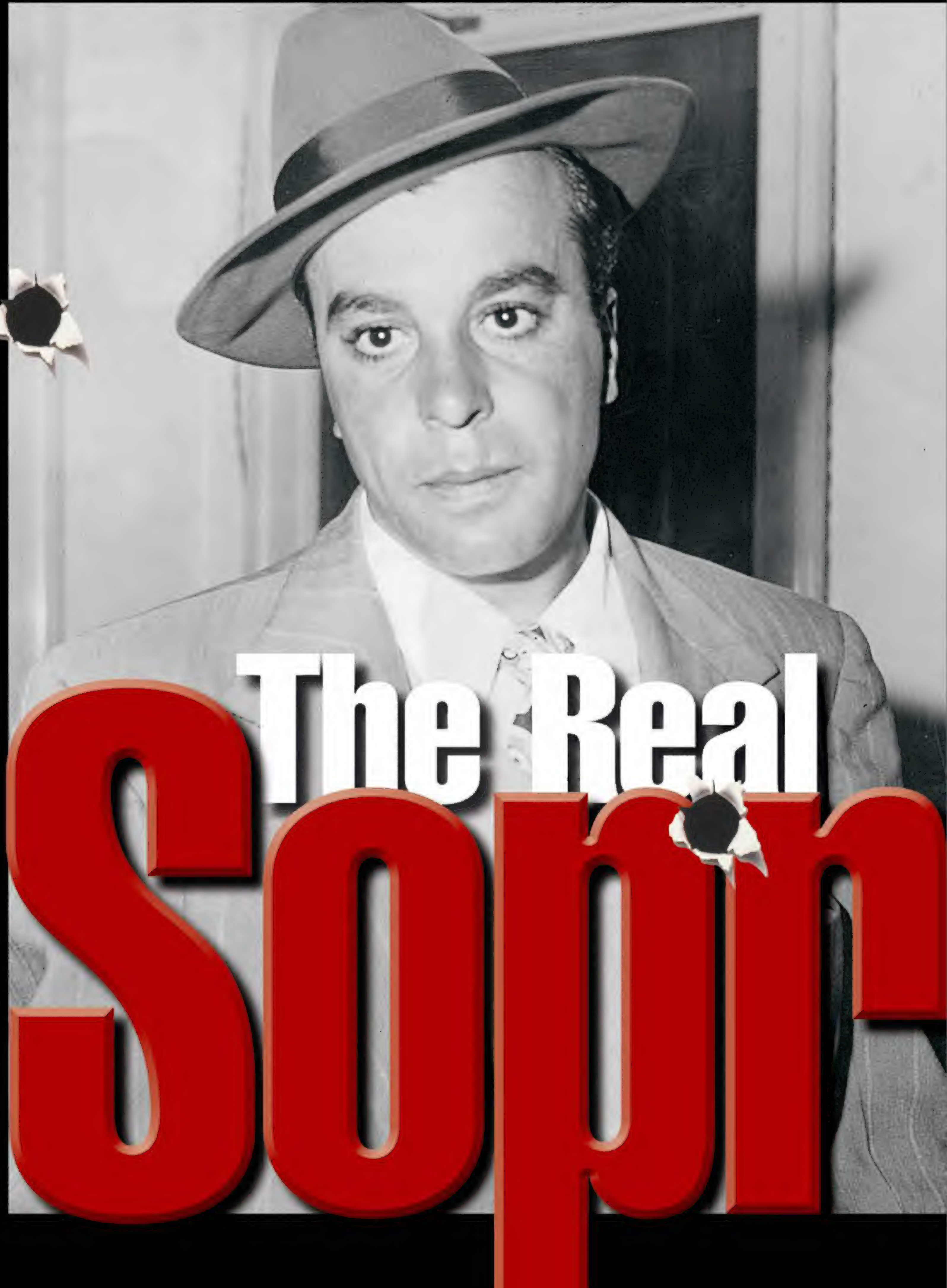
## Subaru Impreza WRX STI Limited



The average Subaru suits men who wear felt clogs. The WRX, however, is no commuter hatchback. The

telltale supercharger scoop on the hood only hints at the outrageous race-bred beast within.—M.G.





The Real

Sopran



**Long before there even  
was an HBO,  
Sopranos creator David  
Chase followed the  
travails of Jersey's own  
"Tony Boy" Boiardo,  
Richie "the Boot," and  
"Big Pussy" Russo.**

**Come on, you didn't think  
he just made it all up?**

**Richard Linnett goes to the  
real source of the greatest  
mob drama of our time.**



**Over five decades,  
Richie "the Boot" Boiardo  
(pictured above after an  
attempted 1930 hit) built  
a violent criminal network  
that he turned over to  
his son, "Tony Boy" (far  
left)—who, like Tony So-  
prano, was torn between  
middle-class aspirations  
and brutal reality.**

# **amos**



I am in the heart—no, in the very bosom—of Sopranoland, searching for an exquisite corpse.

"Will Tony Soprano sleep with the fishes?" I ask Vanessa, a go-go dancer who just moments ago was coiled around a brass pole like a soft pretzel.

"He's gonna get whacked by the New York mob," she snaps above the ear-splitting din of Van Halen's "Hot for Teacher" in Satin Dolls, the Lodi, New Jersey, club that is the real Bada Bing.

The final season of *The Sopranos* is coming, and David Chase, the man

was a family man, the father of two daughters and a son who wanted a career in law or medicine, just like Meadow Soprano. Tony Boy was an electrical contractor in Newark; Tony Soprano is a waste-management contractor in the same town. Both men were born in Newark's Italian First Ward and moved up Bloomfield Avenue (the "guinea gulch," as locals and Soprano himself called it) to the suburbs, conspicuously consuming the material trappings of prosperous model citizens and melding uneasily into their WASP

municipal projects. The rampant corruption eventually provoked a backlash among the group hardest hit by the plunder of the city, impoverished blacks, who reacted by rioting in 1967. Twenty-six people were killed in the streets. Journalists at the time blamed the mob for tipping over the dominoes, precipitating the financial and social collapse of the city—which to this day has yet to fully recover.

Like Tony Soprano, Tony Boy Boiardo struggled to cope with the pressures of raising a conventional middle-class



**Tony Boy didn't command respect like his father. "As soon as Boiardo dies," an informant told the FBI, "his son will not have long to live."**

From left: The 1967 Newark riots were precipitated by mob corruption; a Newark cop inspects bullet punctures after an attempted 1930 hit on the Boot; Tony Boy leaving the hospital in 1970.



who invented Tony Soprano, his dysfunctional relatives, murderous and bumbling cohorts, and deadly enemies, is keeping their fates close to his vest. But while *Satin Dolls* is colorful, it's not the place to learn about America's favorite gangsters. Better to go to the source, or rather to the family that inspired the series in the first place.

Before he took his own oath of *omertà* on the subject, Chase let slip in a couple of interviews that much of *The Sopranos* was inspired by stories he heard and read while growing up in North Caldwell, New Jersey—about his neighbor Anthony "Tony Boy" Boiardo and Anthony's father Ruggiero Boiardo, aka "Richie the Boot," who were members of the Genovese crime family in Essex County.

Tony Boy Boiardo lived in a comfortable split-level home in Essex Fells, right next door to North Caldwell—where Tony Soprano's McMansion stands. Kids from Essex Fells and North Caldwell—like the Soprano kids—go to West Essex High School, Chase's alma mater. Tony Boy Boiardo

surroundings.

But at the end of the sixties, Tony Boy was exposed. He and Newark mayor Hugh Addonizio, described by an Essex County prosecutor as "a man of easy conscience and flabby pride," were identified as key players in a melodrama of racketeering, extortion, and murder that played out on the nightly news and the big-city front pages.

In 1969, Addonizio, Tony Boy, and 13 accomplices were indicted for collecting millions in kickbacks for municipal construction projects in Newark. Although Addonizio was called "the Pope," Tony Boy was "the real boss of Newark," according to a star witness at the trials. Tony Boy, the Boot, and their cronies—men like John "Big Pussy" Russo and his younger brother Anthony "Little Pussy" Russo—were the hard core of a mob crew that ruled north Jersey through cunning and intimidation. They rolled the city of Newark like an easy mark, taking advantage of greedy politicians and cops who filled their pockets with funds intended for

family in a profession that was unconventional and violent. He was once caught on FBI tapes explaining how he and his dad took turns killing a "little Jew"—Tony allegedly delivered eight crowbar blows to his head, and the Boot finished him off with a hammer. Little Pussy was later overheard, also on FBI tapes, telling mobster Angelo "Gyp" DeCarlo that Tony Boy was lying about the murder. Little Pussy proudly boasted that he and his brother Big Pussy (the two earned their colorful names from early careers as cat burglars) killed the "little Jew" with a crowbar and then burned him in a furnace.

It was "a good hot fire," said Little Pussy proudly. DeCarlo replied, "He must have burned like a bastard."

Immersed in a psychotic work environment, Tony Boy got depressed, and decided to get help. The only other Cosa Nostra boss known for taking to the couch was the dapper Frank Costello, powerful head of the Genovese family, who admitted to seeing a socially connected Park Avenue shrink. Although known to be as much of a

Previous spread: Photographs courtesy of the Newark Public Library. This page: Photographs by (from left) AP; courtesy of the Newark Public Library



ladies' man as Tony Soprano, Tony Boy took his treatment seriously. He did not hire a shrink like Montclair's Dr. Jennifer Melfi, whose legs would be a distraction. He went with Dr. William Furst of West Orange, a decorated war hero and a combat doctor who saw action in the Battle of the Bulge. Dr. Furst's experience with shell-shocked soldiers on the bloody battlefields of Europe made him eminently qualified to handle the traumas of this new kind of soldier of the suburbs that was Tony Boy.

**F**ar from the silky fleshpots of Satin Dolls, in the freshly scrubbed corridors of St. Mary Hospital in Hoboken, a man with some inside knowledge of Tony Boy is the chief orthopedic surgeon. Dr. Richard Boiardo, an honors graduate of



Georgetown University, is charismatic and handsome, a family man with four children, a socially prominent Essex County citizen who was once feted as the man of the year at an *Italian Tribune*-sponsored Columbus Day parade in which Joe Pesci was the grand marshal.

"I grew up Gotti before it was fashionable, when it was very much a negative," "the Doc" Boiardo tells me. "I was the heir apparent. I just decided to go in a different direction."

The Doc's father was Tony Boy and his grandfather was the Boot, who is considered by many to be one of the Jersey Mafia's founding fathers. Ruggiero was called the Boot because he started out as a bootlegger ... or maybe because he was always running to a phone booth—pronounced *boot* in Newark's immigrant First Ward—to take calls from girlfriends.

Over the course of almost five decades, the Boot built a criminal network in Newark that spread into the surrounding Essex County suburbs, with a few long tentacles extending

# Twin Tonys

What these two wiseguys have in common.



**Anthony Soprano**



**Anthony Boiardo**

## CAPO FATHERS

**Giovanni "Johnny Boy" Soprano**  
Capo, the Soprano crime family

**Ruggiero "Richie the Boot" Boiardo**  
Capo, the Boiardo crime family

## PLACE OF BIRTH

First Ward, Newark

First Ward, Newark

## ESSEX COUNTY HOME

North Caldwell, N.J.

Essex Fells, N.J.

## SISTERS

Janice and Barbara

Agnes, Rose, and Mary

## SHRINKS

Dr. Jennifer Melfi

Dr. William Furst

## LA FAMIGLIA

Son: **A. J. Soprano**  
Daughter: **Meadow Soprano**,  
a Columbia University student

**Dr. Richard Boiardo**  
Attended Georgetown University; wanted a  
career in law but became a doctor

## LA FAMIGLIA COSA NOSTRA PUSSIES (BIG AND LITTLE)

**Salvatore "Big Pussy" Bonpensiero**  
Becomes an FBI informant;  
Tony whacks him

**John "Big Pussy" Russo**

**Anthony "Little Pussy" Russo**  
Becomes enemy of the Boot;  
the Boot whacks him

**"Little Pussy" Malanga**  
An enemy of Uncle Junior's

## ENFORCERS

**Peter Paul "Paulie Walnuts" Gualtieri**  
Enforcer for Tony Soprano's dad;  
whacked Big Pussy

**Anthony DeVingo**  
Enforcer for Tony Boiardo's dad;  
whacked Little Pussy



down south to Florida, across the water to Cuba and Antigua, and as far west as Las Vegas.

I grew up in the shadow of the Boot's old palazzo, which still sits like a wedding cake atop Riker Hill in Livingston, New Jersey. At the height of his powers and influence, the Boot retreated to the suburbs, creating a sprawling Don Corleone-like compound with towers and creepy statues of his family and himself on a white steed. In the burbs, the Boot became an avid horseman. He often trotted through our neighborhood

small-fry lieutenants. Many of the 'boys' resisted desires to put Tony Boy in his place. Before and after his marriage, when he moved to exclusive Essex Fells, Tony Boy was described as a wild young man behind the wheels of fast sports cars and at night spots."

According to an FBI "Top Hoodlum" report, the Boot began to turn over his rackets to his son around 1958. It was not a smooth transfer, as Tony Boy was unable to command respect like his father. "As soon as Boiardo dies, his son Tony Boy will not have long to live,"

But maybe it should be some media types who get whacked for hastily concluding that the HBO drama was based on the New Jersey DeCavalcante crime family after recent FBI wiretaps caught DeCavalcante goons boasting about similarities between themselves and the Sopranos.

"Chase obviously took material from the DeCavalcantes and other New Jersey and New York families for the show," the Doc says. "But it all started with my family. DeCavalcantes were based in Union; my family was



**"I grew up Gotti before it was fashionable," Dr. Boiardo says. "I was the heir apparent. I just decided to go in a different direction."**

From left: the Soprano gang; statues of the Boiardo family on their estate—the Boot, larger than the others, is in the middle on horseback; the Boiardo gang in October 1930, as the Boot toasts an alliance with the boss of Newark's Third Ward.



with his "soldiers," also on horseback, like a feudal Mafia don checking on his vassals.

In 1967, the estate was featured in a *Life* magazine exposé: "Macabre Home of a 'Capo,' Monument to Mob Murder." The *Life* article described furnaces on the property in which the Boot disposed of his enemies, reporting that "the number of victims incinerated" on the estate was considerable: "A lot of Mr. Boiardo's fellow gangsters are mortally afraid of going up that driveway. Some who did never returned."

Tony Boy, who briefly lived on the estate before moving out on his own, was a Mafia fortunate son. He was well-educated and well-bred, and favored wealthy gentlemen's threads to his father's gaudy diamond buckles, gold stopwatches, and iridescent suits.

"As a young man Tony Boy was one of the most disliked residents of the old First Ward," the *Newark Evening News* reported. "Pampered by his doting father, Tony Boy lorded it over leaders of his father's organization as well as its

an informant told the FBI.

DeCarlo and Little Pussy were taped by the FBI in 1969 complaining that Tony Boy was reckless; that he whacked without seeking approval from mob bosses.

"Ya never know what the kid is doing," DeCarlo said.

"Something bad," Pussy concurred. "A hit is coming, somethin'."

When I first meet the Doc, I confess that I am familiar with his family history. He closes the door to his office, sits down, and complains that the family estate has become a freak-show tourist destination after appearing in the book *Weird N.J.*

The Doc goes on to tell me that *The Sopranos* is fundamentally based on his family's story. There are many parallels, but the producers refused to cop to it. (Chase declined an invitation to be interviewed for this story.)

"Maybe they don't want to get sued?" I suggest.

"Or whacked," says the Doc with a grin.

Essex County. There's a big difference. You could say we were the true O.G.'s, the original gangsters. Of course, we weren't as sexy as what you find now on TV and in the movies. The glamour was tempered with real heartache."

Although the Doc refuses to discuss his family history in depth when I suggest that the power of his true story trumps the HBO drama, he agrees.

"This is an American story," he says. "That's why *The Sopranos* is so successful. It's a Carnegie story in north Newark. In this country you can do anything. You can come here from Italy without a dime in your pocket, and three generations later your grandson is giving lectures on the same dais as the chief of orthopedics at Oxford. That is the beauty of America."

In his family, the Doc—like Meadow Soprano—represents the first generation not in "this thing of ours." Boiardo has a flourishing practice; he has famous clients; he publishes papers on orthopedics; he travels around the



world making speeches to academics, students, and fellow surgeons.

But the young Boiardo knew, despite insisting that "my life was the same as anyone else's," that it really was not. "I went places and saw people who were in the know; I was treated differently," he says. "I was treated like the son of Tony Boy.... I understood then, you have to be a tough guy. Maybe at that point I would've gotten involved. But then I realized it was not the right thing. My father said, 'The jig is up.' What he meant by that was that it was the end of that particular lifestyle. This was around 1969. People like him, people with brains, courage, balls—people with those qualities today usually don't follow that kind of life."

When he was a small boy, the Doc harbored suspicions that his father was

guy was to me. I wasn't bullied into it, but he clearly planted a seed. You see, my father and my grandfather spoke in parables. They spoke in allegories, like Jesus did, and you had to figure out what the hell they were talking about. That was part of the training. Everything was training, everything was a test.... I always did well in science, so I went to visit the family doctor, a good friend of the family's. I went to the operating room and realized that I liked this. So I changed my major, turned the whole thing around, and got into medicine."

**O**n July 6, 1970, Tony Boy Boiardo, 56 years old, suffered a heart attack and his case was separated from the Addonizio corruption trial. He was sent home to Essex

"Paulie Walnuts" Gualtieri.

In 1980, at the age of 89, the Boot was brought to trial for homicide, extortion, and robbery (the charges were unrelated to Little Pussy's murder, which was never solved).

"I'm in agony and pain!" the Boot cried out in court. "Come tell Saint Peter to bring me to heaven." The old man was indeed very ill, suffering from age-related maladies, and his case was severed from the trial. Some of his codefendants were found guilty, and the prosecuting attorney crowed that this proved the mob was not "a figment of Hollywood's imagination."

The Boot passed away quietly four years later, at age 93. He sleeps with the worms in Holy Cross Cemetery, an old Catholic graveyard not far from



in the Mafia, but these were not confirmed until Joseph Valachi testified and fingered his father and grandfather as major players in the mob. "It was 1963," the Doc recalls. "I was on a camping trip with the Boy Scouts—how ironic is that? People were talking about it. I remember walking out of the camp with a newspaper. I read the story. I always had a suspicion, but that was the first time I had read anything in print."

"Remember Meadow's quote?" he says, referring to a *Sopranos* scene in which Tony's daughter voices similar suspicions to her brother. " 'Waste-management consultants don't have Krugerrands and .357 Magnums in their bedroom.' That statement struck a resonant chord with me."

Is that why he went into medicine? "I had a discussion with my grandfather," he recalls, "and he said, 'You're going to make a great doctor.' I said, 'Doctor? I'm an accounting major. I'm going to be a lawyer.' And he said, 'No, that's not going to work out.' You have to realize what an overwhelming presence the



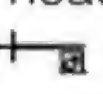
Fells to recuperate. While Tony Boy was bedridden, Addonizio and his associates were convicted of 64 counts of extortion and bribery. The mayor was sentenced to ten years in prison. Prosecutors tried to get Tony Boy back into court, but doctors successfully argued that he was too ill to stand trial. He suffered another heart attack and passed away in 1978.

Although devastated by the death of his son, the Boot soldiered on. His old cronies had passed away, most of them violently, but he continued to run rackets and lotteries from the estate with a new generation of gangsters.

Little Pussy was whacked one year after Tony Boy died. The Boot allegedly had him gunned down in retaliation for trash-talking Tony Boy some 15 years earlier in the taped DeCarlo conversations, which were made public in 1970. Little Pussy was reportedly popped by Anthony DeVingo, a hit man who was pegged by the *New York Post* as the "fearsome but incredibly likable" real-life doppelgänger of *The Sopranos*'

downtown Newark. Another old friend and nemesis, Little Pussy, snoozes eternally nearby, sharing his small cold hole in the earth with his wife and in-laws.

Tony Boy is buried in the Gate of Heaven Catholic cemetery in the suburb of East Hanover—a few miles from where David Chase grew up. He is also in familiar company: John "Big Pussy" Russo, who died of "natural causes" in 1978, is buried nearby.

Planted within whacking distance of Big Pussy in the same graveyard plot is a fellow whose first name is Nicholas and whose family name is carved prominently in a slab of granite, like a billboard. It is very noticeable to anyone snooping around looking for dead gangsters or inspiration. This headstone reads simply SOPRANO. 

*Richard Linnett is a journalist and co-author of The Eagle Mutiny (published by the Naval Institute Press). His next book, In the Godfather's Garden, is a history of the Boiardo family.*







# IN THE FLASH

Something special happens when a nightlife photographer known as Bronques raises his camera to shoot a hot girl in a club—she hikes up her skirt, tugs down her shirt, and shoots him far more than just a pretty smile.

By Mike Guy



A few years ago, Merlin Bronques discovered that if he pointed his camera and smiled, girls would give him the Look. It was something he'd never seen before: a pouty fuck-me gaze, something like a blown kiss but with a theatrical tweak of the nipple or a flick of the tongue thrown in. They'd lower their halter tops, hike up their already crotch-high miniskirts, and try to make themselves unforgettable.

Three years later, the Look is Bronques's bread and butter. His Website, Last Night's Party ([LastNightsParty.com](http://LastNightsParty.com)), is a daily upload of the hottest half-naked babes from New York's late-night party scene. Bronques doesn't like to think of his work in terms of *work*; he's a populist who gets the Look because he's one of them.

"Most photographers tend to go to places where there's a lot more money, where they get paid by the bar, where there's celebs, shit like that," Bronques says. "I'm more interested in using the raw materials of whatever's going on at a party. I shoot from the gutter." You'll recognize the Look immediately as the trademark of Last Night's Party—an intangible quality that's missing from most party pictures. Just as cats involuntarily clench their jaws when they see birds, girls see Bronques and reflexively pucker their lips and grab their tits. They know the game well and can't help but play to win.

Bronques (pronounced *Bronx*, of course) is a striking specimen—tall, with smooth black skin and straightened brown hair that flops over his eyes like





an early Beatles mop. His subjects are equally striking. The girls he shoots stare up at him from the floors of cabs and bathrooms, or from a tangle of raised, sweaty limbs. Bronques shares a rare and curious talent with the best fashion photographers: He compels women to look good for him.

Last Night's Party began in 2004, when Bronques moved from Montreal to New York City. He took up nightlife photography as a hobby, to supplement his role as lead singer in a now-defunct



"Now it's not just kids going to look at themselves," Bronques says of Last Night's Party, "but people from all over the world trying to see what's happening."

band called Nam:Live!; today it's a thriving business.

"The whole concept was to take the band out on the road and photograph it," Bronques explains, but the music took a backseat to the photography and he began posting images on his site the next day. The immediacy appealed to him and to a select crew of fellow night crawlers who logged on to relive the night before. That's all changed. "Now it's not just kids going to look at themselves," Bronques says, "but people

from all over the world trying to see what's happening."

When I meet Bronques at Beauty Bar, a weary hipster fixture on a charmless stretch of 14th Street in Manhattan, he is wearing yellow-lensed Gucci shades, a rich leather jacket, stovepipe pants, and broad brown boots. When Bronques philosophizes on subjects like clubs, the various New York City scenes, surgically manufactured pussies, or the sublime contours of, say, a perfect set of 19-year-old tits, he rubs his chin and



gazes thoughtfully at the people around him, as though he's searching out his next subject.

"I was shooting people at parties long before I started Last Night's Party," Bronques says. "I carried around my little Elph and whenever I met interesting people, I would do an impromptu photo shoot. I'd meet a guy and we'd do a nude in a Blockbuster, or I'd meet a girl and we'd do something crazy in front of a church."

We take a cab to a Chelsea nightclub called Room Service, where there's a thick crowd at the rope jostling to get in. The sour-faced lesbian at the door tracks Bronques all the way from the cab and lets him pass with a smile. He floats through; she glares at me and grunts, "You with him?" I nod while Bronques blows her a kiss.

Room Service is a carnival of sex

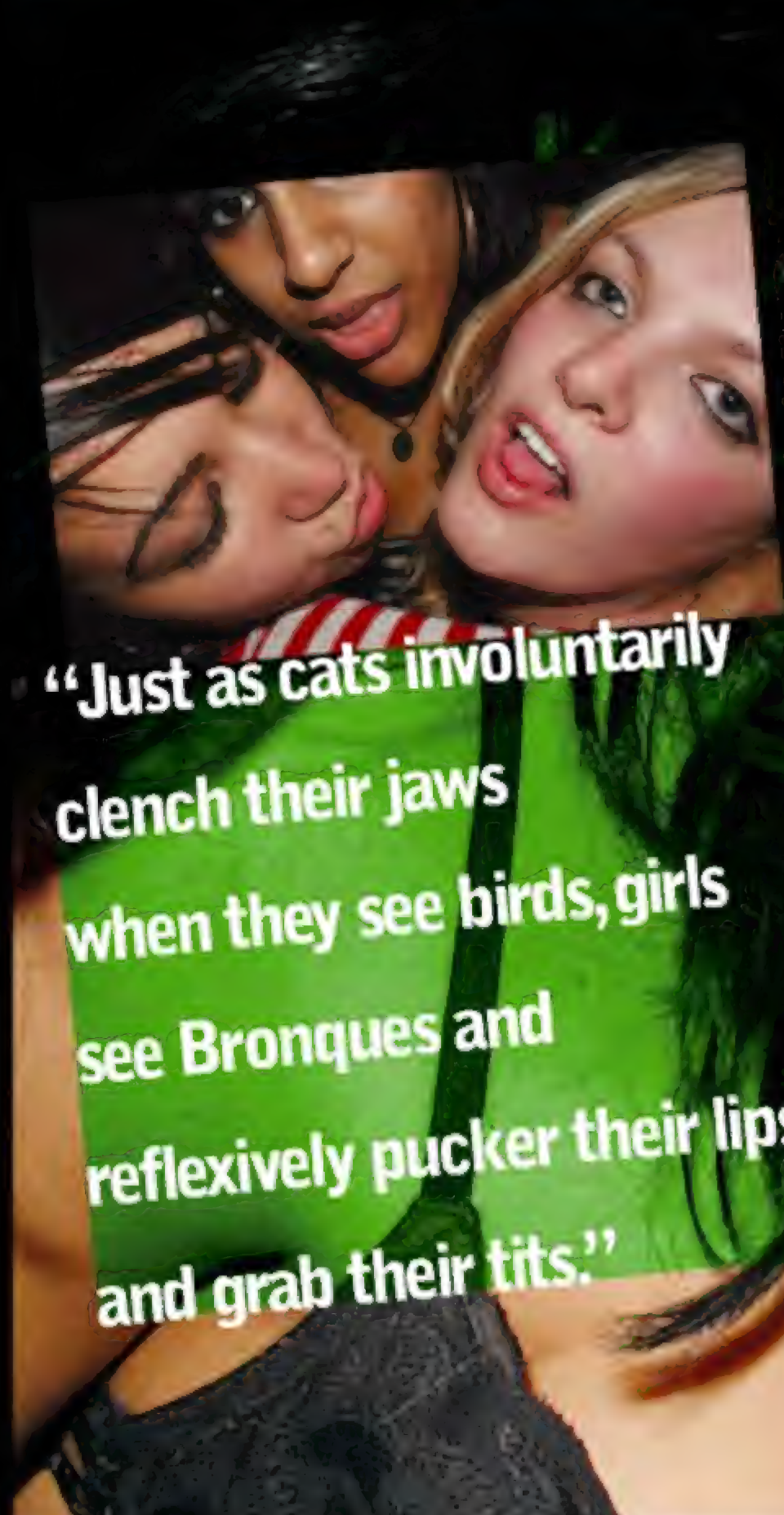
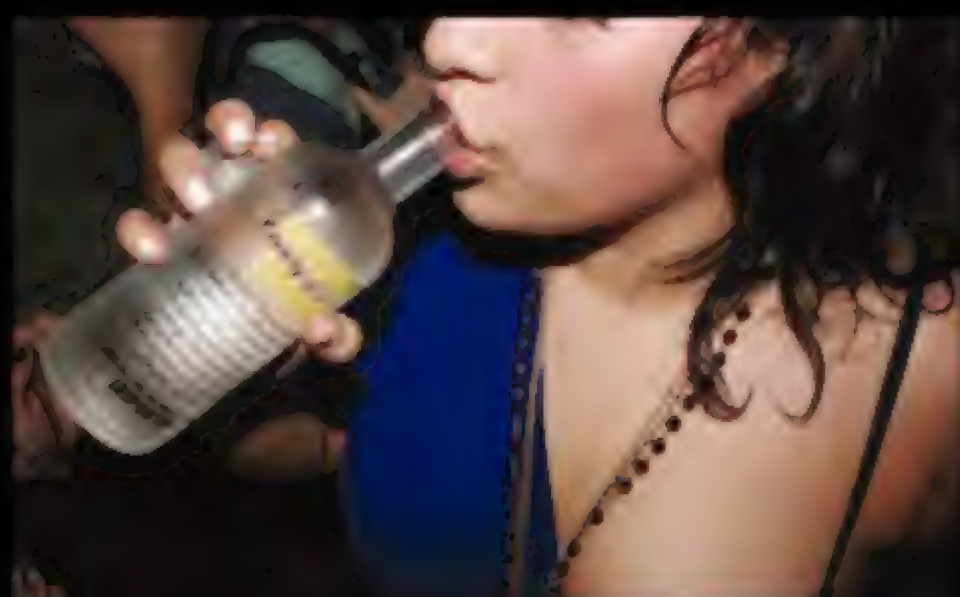
workers, barely 21 hotties, drag queens, costumed queers, pimps, wannabe pimps, perverts, club kids, and hot pussy. Many of them are nightlife tourists with normal day jobs, but an equal number are creatures of the night—of *Tuesday* night—who turn up in many of the places Bronques does. They will be here until 4 A.M. and then troop off to an after-hours club or someone else's house, crashing only when a new day begins.

Tonight is a birthday party for the notorious transsexual Amanda Lepore, who's decked out in a bustier that props up her massive fake boobs. She is surrounded by admirers, including a fresh-faced kid, no older than 19, in a T-shirt that reads, *FUCK YOU, YOU FUCKIN' FUCK*—her boy toy for the evening.

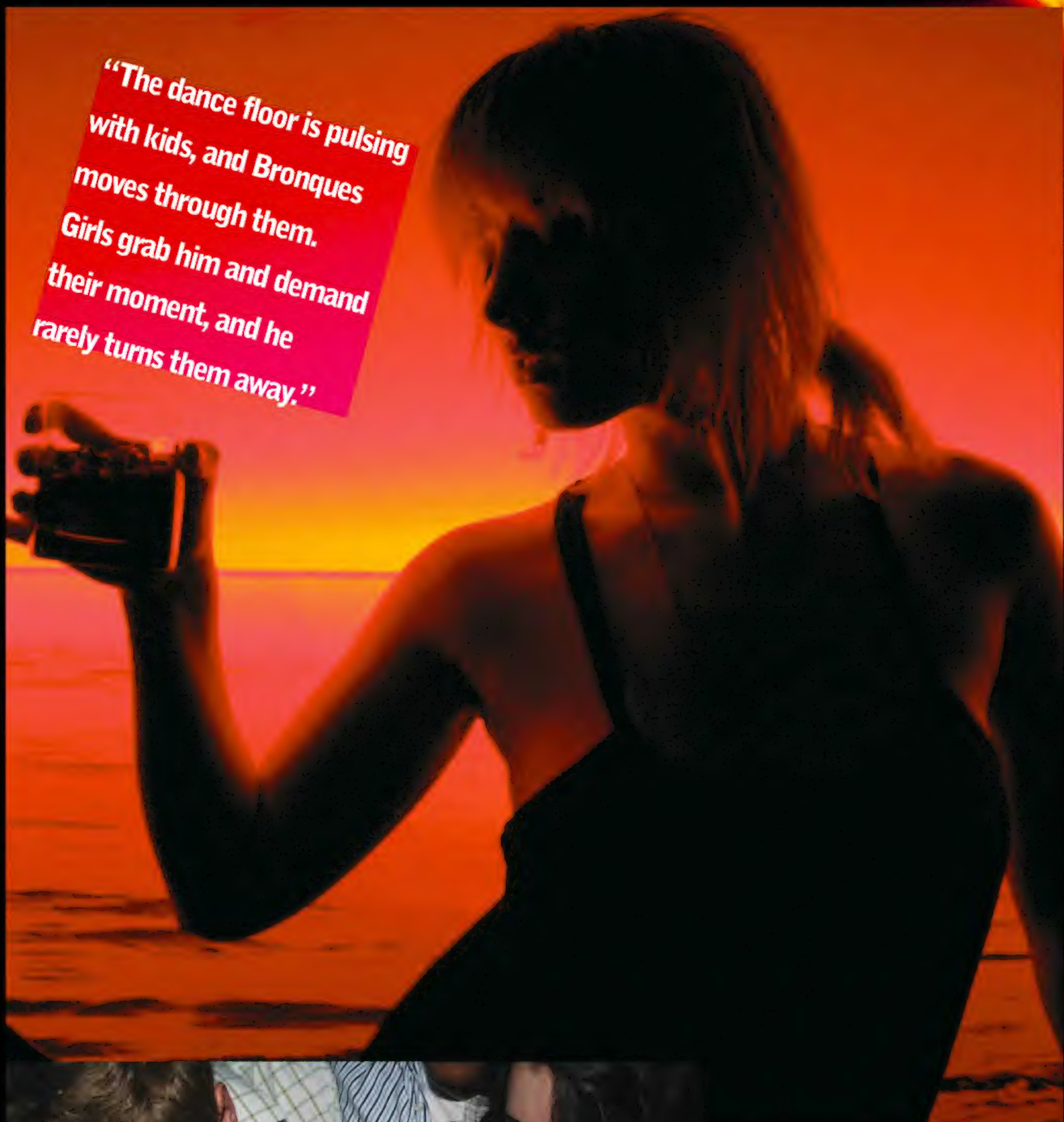
The heavy concentration of homosexuals and drag queens guarantees a

lot of theatrics, and it also guarantees the hot chicks who traditionally roll with gays. Most of them know Bronques by name or by sight, and as he tries to hide in the crowd and get the feel of the party, he draws people like a magnet draws paper clips. He air-kisses the queens so as not to muss their makeup, and the girls hug him tight and kiss his neck. He's taller than just about everyone at the club.

We follow Lepore through a narrow hallway to an adjoining cabaret called Ten's. Bronques shoots while Amanda mingles with the real strippers, who are slightly amused in that working-girl way. Then Lepore grabs a pole and shim-mies onstage. She pouts for Bronques as he shoots her. Nearby, two guys in Army Airborne Division uniforms watch Bronques and the transsexual with mystified expressions. They seem to grasp







"The dance floor is pulsing with kids, and Bronques moves through them. Girls grab him and demand their moment, and he rarely turns them away."



that Lepore isn't a woman, but they aren't agitated until they see Bronques and his camera.

"Hey," one calls out. "What the fuck are you doing, pretty boy?"

Bronques shrugs and smiles. His magic powers have no effect on the paratroopers, so we return to Room Service.

"My whole thing is that life is about disturbing the peace," Bronques says later.

The dance floor is pulsing with kids,






and Bronques moves through them. Girls grab him and demand their moment, and he rarely turns them away. A dark-skinned hottie approaches and yells, "Do me!" ("That's a pretty crass move," Bronques says, "but I understand it.") She grabs her crotch and shoots him the Look, and Bronques captures it for tomorrow's posting. Her name is Reema, she tells me. "That's Persian for *poetry*. Do you know him?"

"Sort of," I answer.

"Good enough," she says. "You got his number?"

No, I tell her.

"Oh," she says, giving me a different kind of pouty look. "Then I guess I'll take yours instead."

I'm still waiting for her call. 







# QUEEN

With a snap of a garter and a suggestive smile, Dita Von Teese is riding her giant mechanical lipstick all the way to the mainstream. But she hasn't always been so coy. Here, some photos from her early days, and a glimpse of what Marilyn's missing. • Photographs by Andre Felix













"I appreciate Dita's work. I think she's incredibly beautiful, really talented. It's amazing the way she transforms herself. It's a creation all its own. I think it's unbelievably stimulating. That kind of visual, that fetish imagery tastefully done is so erotic—and to be able to evoke that in a photograph, I think that's really something."

—Scarlett Johansson











"You just have to look at her. She is a true modern aristocrat—a mixture between the wild rock 'n' roll person and one of perfect manners, elegance, and a complete lack of arrogance." —Christian Louboutin







**T**he naked woman in the giant martini glass is doing an impression of an olive. As olives go, she's not bad. Wait. She's *holding* a giant olive. I guess that would make her the gin. Watching Dita Von Teese's elaborately costumed and choreographed striptease shows, it's tempting to evaluate them as some kind of metaphorical performance art—until you get over your pretensions and remember that she is *splashing around naked in a giant martini glass*, and that alone is kind of awesome. Von Teese adds layers of substance and rips them away, until all that's left is a classically beautiful female body. She challenges you to think about what makes women sexy and then gives you permission to gawk. All the distractions simply draw attention to what's important.

"It's nice that people consider what I do art," she has said. "But I'd rather be known as an entertainer."

Done and done. As "the world's premier burlesque artist," Dita Von Teese has brought glamour to stripping, goth to go-go, and made a case for feathers as a viable sexual accessory. And in the past year she has become a genuine global superstar, the first nude model since Pamela Anderson to become a cross-platform cultural icon, symbol of sexual liberation, and wife to a nutcase, Marilyn Manson.

Advertisers, customarily skittish of naked boobs and the women who display them, are lining up for her seal of approval: She's starred in a short film for top-shelf lingerie designer Agent Provocateur, headlined a campaign for MAC cosmetics, and perched on the Audi TT at its unveiling in London. She's the stripper as rock goddess. "Some people say what I do isn't very liberating," she once mused. "I say it's pretty liberating to get \$20,000 for ten minutes' work."

In a world of backseat crotch shots and *Girls Gone Wild*, Von Teese has not only brought back the tease, but also an element of mystery and danger. There's the face: porcelain skin and a dangerously lipsticked mouth. The body: improbably lean and impossibly curvy, cinched into corsets, wrapped in garters or lizard-skin fishnets, accented with red leather gloves and electric-blue heels. And there is her highly charitable act of marrying (and divorcing) Manson, which had the net effect of making her seem attainable. If she's within his slippery grasp, we all have a shot.

Von Teese's stage shows—in venues ranging from intimate New York cabarets to 2,000-seat London arenas—are a metaphoric explosion of corsets, garters, feathers, leather, lace, and set pieces, including (but not limited to) the aforementioned martini glass and a giant motorized lipstick that she rides bronco-style, complete with glittery hat, boots, and holster.

Paying tribute to legendary nudie figures like Gypsy Rose Lee and Bettie Page, Von Teese takes her time in removing each item, ending each show in a diamond thong and pasties. She makes the Pussycat Dolls look like Girl Scouts in decline. "I'm trying to prove that *stripping* isn't a dirty word," she has said. "There was



a time when striptease was a beautiful, elegant performance." Then, in the next breath, she insists she doesn't mind if you just want to check out her ass: "I'm trying to set the record straight about what burlesque was: It's not just about a style or a look. It's about stripping."

**B**orn with a perfectly suitable nom de nudie-bar, the former Heather Sweet developed her fetish for lingerie at an early age, from peeking at her father's dirty magazines and watching old movies. She worked in a lingerie shop as a teenager, where her future was secured: "As soon as I was of legal age, I wanted to take my clothes off and be photographed re-creating nude pinups." *Penthouse* actually gave her a start: The first photographer she posed nude for had photographed her older sister for this magazine.

Shortly thereafter, in 1992, Von Teese started one of the first Web-sites ever ([Dita.net](http://Dita.net)), which now contains 15,000 photos. She's a darling of high fashion who invites the most basic-instinctual reactions when she's wearing, say, aviator goggles, a corset, and nothing else. In her slutty-secretary skirts and bondage gear, Von Teese celebrates everything that's traditionally female while rocking the new-school perv. In her double-sided book, *Burlesque and the Art of the Teese/Fetish and the Art of the Teese*, she reveals that her favorite game to play is "damsel in distress" and her "favorite perverts" are, in order, "seamed-stockings fetishists," "corset aficionados," and foot fetishists.

"Are all men fetishists?" she wonders in her book. "More or less, yes."

She should know.—*Michael Martin*

*Martin is the editor in chief of Nerve.com. He's written for Arena, New York, and other publications.*

















"She looks good." —Chris Rock



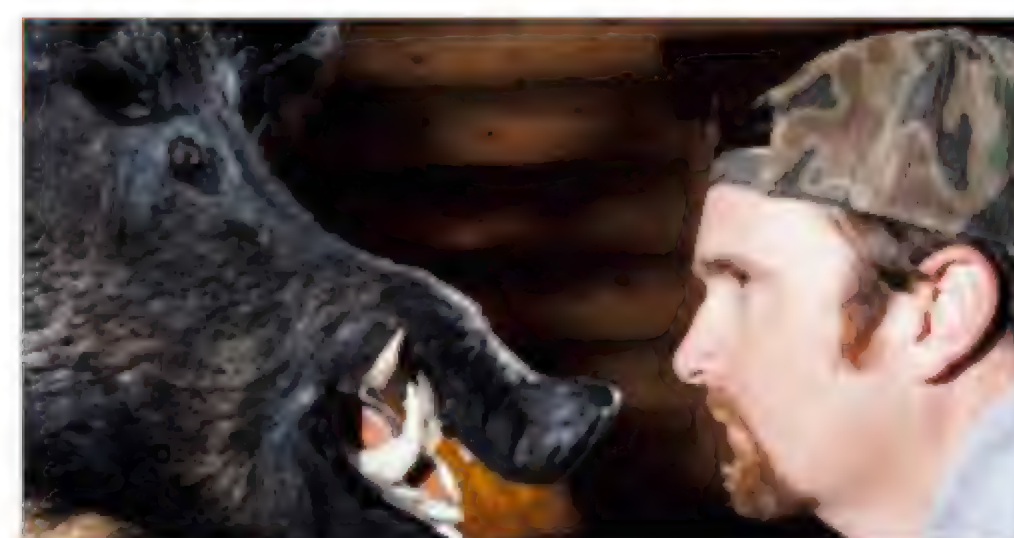




# NATURAL-BORN

# Killer

**John Drew has two kids, one master's degree, and a deep-seated purpose in life: to hunt down wild pigs and destroy them. Allison Glock explores the art and science of professional pig eradication.**



"*Bambi* is bullshit." It is late August and John Drew is driving his truck along Cottonwood Creek, looking for wild pigs. "*Bambi* is a fucked-up story, and I will not allow that movie in my house," he continues, drawing out the word *fucked* as laconically as one can while still maintaining something of a rant. "Death," he says firmly, "is not a bad thing. It is a life-sustaining thing."

Drew drives as he talks, the dirt road dipping and dropping, unspooling in a thick plume of dust behind him. In the wane of summer, northern California's Great Valley is a hostile and heartless place. Scorched from heat, the land cracks and buckles or simply catches flame. The temperature routinely exceeds a hundred degrees, leading locals to brag that some days the only place hotter is the Serengeti.

By now, everything green has been bleached to gold, and the star thistle has reached thigh height. Fields of it wave like the wheat of the damned, lodging hateful hooks in the gums and eyes of the animals forced to run through it.

"Kills a lot of pigs," Drew says. "Blinds them, and they starve."

Drew hangs his head out the window, inhales deeply.

"You can smell them," he says with a boyish laugh.

Drew supposes he has killed 1,800 feral pigs in his 35 years. He has shot them, knifed them, set dogs on them, trapped them, baited them, and run them down *Dukes of Hazzard*-style with his truck. He has committed these acts without regret or remorse. In fact, he is providing a valuable service. And while he does not view the actual kill as anything to celebrate, he does see the pigs' deaths as evidence of

**Photographs by Brian Finke**



his immutable place in the circle of life, and that knowledge fills him with a hard-earned peace.

"People love to kill things," Drew says flatly. "The appeal of finding something and taking its life away—we all have that. It's biology."

Drew slams on the brakes and the truck shudders to a halt.

"There!" he says, pointing to a part in the thistle, a six-inch-wide trail that cuts a line straight into the creek bed. "That's where they're coming down." He starts to coo quietly. "Here, piggy piggy. Come out and get blasted."

And then he snorts.

**O**ne day a few years ago, Drew killed 73 pigs in the course of 24 hours. He was shooting from a helicopter, picking them off one by one. It was, he says, "the most fun thing in the world." This was back when he was doing eradication work, a \$10-an-hour job that required him to destroy as many pigs as possible. He has since moved on. Now, Drew runs Shasta Outfitters, an expedition agency in California that offers guided trips in and around Mount Shasta and earns him up to \$1,000 a day. He is also a graduate of the U.C.-Berkeley master's program and the father of two boys, three and one. But fundamentally, Drew is a hunter, a man who sees each day as another opportunity to kill a wild pig. He kills them because they are invasive and destructive, and 'cause they taste good roasted on a spit, but mostly because killing pigs is all Drew has ever wanted to do.

He grew up in the progressive bosom of California's Marin County, where, Drew says, "there was not a lot of support for hunting." His parents were transplanted city folks—his father was a virologist, his mother a homemaker—who got concerned when their only son became so fixated on wild pigs that he would hike for days in the nearby woods, praying that God would grant him a glimpse of one.

"I had four sisters in my family and we grew up sailing, playing soccer, water polo," Drew explains, raising an eyebrow as he says "water polo" because really, where are you going to find another person who was meant to be a water-polo player, but fell so far off the line of his destiny that instead he became one of the world's best pig killers?

"I still think it's terrible, what he does," Drew's mother says now. "I know he eats the meat, but I'd just as soon everybody went to the grocery store."

Like most men possessed, Drew has no clear idea what sparked his passion; he only knows that it has always been there. His love of pigs snatches at the corners of his mind, driving him toward a goal he doesn't fully understand but can't stop chasing.



"I used to read boys' hunting books," he says, "and the pages that have pigs are worn-out. The first time I picked up a gun, I wanted to kill a wild pig."

When he was nine, his father took up duck hunting, and while Drew enjoyed it, he knew there was a clear distinction between shooting birds and shooting a 350-pound beast with a habit of charging and goring. "There is nothing effete about pig killing," he says drily.

He was 17 when he shot his first pig. He had tried and failed more than a hundred times before. It was spring, when the pigs feed at all hours, and it was dusk, when they emerge from the shade. He had just hiked two miles down into a Sonoma County ridge, where they felt safe, and it was there that he saw them. A dozen at least, snuffling at the ground and looking as beautiful and terrible as he'd always imagined they would.

He kept his breath shallow as he inched toward his quarry, staying downwind, advancing noiselessly through the brush. An hour later he was within 75 yards, but by then the sun had all but set. "I knew it would be a long haul back in the dark," he says, "but there was no way one of those pigs was not going to die."

He hoisted his borrowed rifle, took aim, and fired a shot into the shoulder of the biggest sow he could find. The ani-

**DREW SUPPOSES HE HAS KILLED 1,800 FERAL PIGS. HE'S SHOT THEM, KNIFED THEM, TRAPPED THEM, AND RUN THEM DOWN DUKES OF HAZZARD—STYLE IN HIS TRUCK.**

mal fell with a shriek. The others scattered. Drew came up on her, looked into her eyes, and noticed the eyelashes, something he hadn't considered before. He went about bleeding, gutting, and skinning the pig, then he tied the carcass to his back and hiked out. It was his first pig kill. And he was elated.

"I was shaking," he says, beaming. That was "a magical day."

**T**he pig is currently enjoying its moment in the sun. Feral pigs and their rampant proliferation are making news, generating much feverish attention regarding their upcoming dominance as hoofed ecoterrorists. Wild pigs (*Sus scrofa*) are what biologists call a nonnative species, which is a polite way of saying they don't belong here and we really wish they'd never come. In the 1700s, settlers introduced domestic swine from Spain. Swine being swine, many wandered off and lived happily in the woods for centuries. In time (around 1925 in California), wild boar imported for private game hunting, or in some cases for movie sets, would soon join the swine, mate, and sow the seeds for the feral-pig plague.

The result is a sort of super-pig, combining the toughness of a wild boar with the smarts and reproductive capacity of





a domestic animal. They are fast runners (up to 30 miles per hour) and solid swimmers. Their hearing and sense of smell are acute. Most travel 40 miles a day, eating everything in their path—crayfish, roots, crops, frogs, carrion, one another—and, if unfettered, can live up to 25 years. Boars and sows average around 350 pounds and are three feet long. Nationally, they are four million strong, occupy at least 31 states, and are expanding their range.

"They are a formidable pest," explains Reginald Barrett, *Sus scrofa* expert and, in 1967, the first person in California to study wild pigs. "They have no real predators, and they reproduce fast. The feral-pig population doubles every four months. Unless you can take 70 percent of any given population each year, you won't be able to control them."

In Australia, feral pigs destroy 20,000 tons of sugarcane annually and devour up to 40 percent of all newborn lambs. The Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources has "adopted the position that feral pigs pose significant threats to both the environment and to agricultural operations," and promotes "aggressive removal." In Hawaii, environmentalists argue that the pigs are destroying the rainforest. In Georgia, feral-swine populations are blamed for the loss of 80 per-

cent of sea-turtle nests on Ossabaw Island. And in Drew's home state of California, pigs are charged with wreaking ecological havoc and upending the food web. The logic is simple. Pigs kill the land, and so they must die. Drew is happy to help.

Drew's skin is freckled and ruddy. He has soft arms and a gentle sloping belly. He is of average height and build, and he wears his averageness with great comfort, right down to the baseball cap and the goatee. He seems more like a man you'd see at a Coldplay concert than a guy who chases wild boars for miles across the desert.

At Berkeley, Drew was on track to get his doctorate in wildlife management, but while his fellow students studied West Nile virus or Lyme disease, Drew tested swine for transmittable diseases. And when he wasn't tagging pigs and taking blood samples and writing papers about pigs, Drew hunted. Eventually, he dropped out of the doctorate program and made pig killing his life.

Drew took a job doing eradication work on Catalina Island, a vacation spot 22 miles off the coast of southern California, where the only industry is tourism and the pristine beaches are overrun with swine. Some pigs were dropped off in the 1930s, either for sport hunting or to

keep the rattlesnake population under control. When Drew arrived, the wild-pig population was estimated to be in the thousands. The goal was zero. His job interview was conducted by the Catalina Island Conservancy, a private group run by the Wrigley family of Chicago, which owns 95 percent of the island.

"For days I basically drove around with the man who would be my boss and shot everything I saw," Drew says. "I killed 17 pigs in three days. I used a bow and a gun. I was the youngest on the crew by 15 years, and I was coming from an academic background, so they observed me pretty closely. They wanted to make sure I was up for it."

He cinched the job when he successfully shot a running pig at 250 yards with an unfamiliar gun. Drew's salary was \$1,800 a month, plus room and all the pig meat he could eat. He was given the use of a truck, a helicopter, and all necessary firearms. He would work 24-hour days; then, when his vision began to blur, he'd take a day off. He slept alone in a concrete bunkhouse. He had a kitchen and a grill, but no television or phone. After exterminating all the pigs in the outlands, Drew was moved to a trailer in the remote interior, a place forbidden to tourists. "It was a dream job," he says with something approximating rap-





he went up in a helicopter, and he came down, and his cheek was as big as a potato from the kickback of the gun. I was like, 'How many did you shoot?' Now I just stay away from it. I repress it. When people ask what my husband does, I hear myself saying he has a fly-fishing business. I leave out the hunting."

She prefers to focus on her husband's other roles. The doting father. The prankster. The romantic. "I went to Venice with some girlfriends, and John arranged it so they would get me to the Rialto Bridge," she recalls. "And he sent a guy up with flowers and a card that said LOOK BELOW, and I did, and there was John in a gondola, proposing."

Denial is harder on some days than others. Drew's bachelor party, for example—14 guys hunting pigs, the *Deliverance* soundtrack blasting from a portable stereo. They tied the head of the first kill onto the back of the rented RV and put a T-shirt on its torso. Later, they roasted a boar while strippers danced around the bonfire. "I'll never forget the sight of those naked women gnawing on a pig spine," Drew says with a smile.

Erin remembers one moment, a year

**"I LOVE KILLING CATS," HE SAYS. "WHEN YOU SHOOT ONE, THEY JUMP SIX FEET INTO THE AIR."**

after she had started dating Drew. "I was eating lunch, and my good friend looked at me and said, 'How do you sleep next to that kind of karma?'"

There are special considerations when your chosen profession is killing animals. Laundry is one. And then there's the question of whom you tell. Eradication work, even with the environmental imprimatur, smacks of viciousness.

"I know some people hear about what I do and think, *Now I have to spend the day with this guy?*" Drew inhales sharply. "I am wholly justified on the killing aspect. Other people's opinions about that don't affect me. Humans aren't scavengers. Our great-grandmothers knew how to kill a chicken or a cow. We've become used to the fact that we grow animals to

ture. "There was no public access to the interior of the island. I was shooting pigs right on the beach."

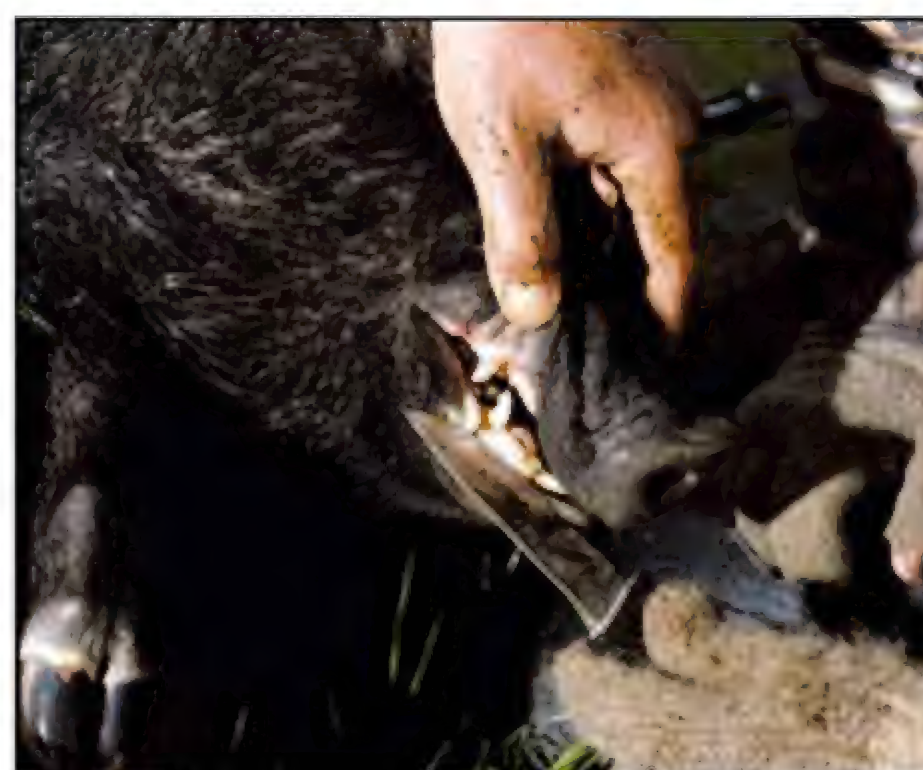
There were some drawbacks. His colleagues, for one. "People who are this fanatical about shooting stuff usually have something dark inside them driving them to kill," he says, chuckling.

Then there were the locals. Around 3,000 people live there year-round, and many of them enjoy shooting pigs in their downtime. They did not appreciate Drew doing it for them, so they would key his car now and then just to let him know.

Burnout was also a factor. "Killing for hire is exciting and rewarding, but it gets old," he says with a shrug. "Your sole purpose is to destroy other life. For many years, my whole life was lived out of the back of a truck filled with dead pigs."

"I once killed three pigs with one bullet," he continues. "I did close-quarters killing, where the pigs are all stacked in the trap, and I took a .22 and stuck the barrel between the bars, and they're looking at me, and I just beamed them right in the head: bang, bang, bang. That was pretty gory. You don't feel good about it." He cackles and shakes his head. "Hideous."

Gruesome as it is, Drew views the work he does as necessary, and many otherwise-tender environmentalists agree.



"I went to school with the earthiest, crunchiest, all-vegan, organic-ink-using group of people," Drew says. "And I didn't have a single confrontation. I'm pretty sure that wouldn't have been the case if I had been killing bears."

**E**rin Drew was not impressed with John when they met. "He wore his baseball cap at the dinner table," she says with a sigh. "But then we started talking. And I discovered this whole other side to him."

The two have been together for ten years, and in that entire time Erin has never once watched her husband pull the trigger on an animal. "I think it's horrible, what he does," she says. "I'm never going to understand it. I remember once



kill them. What I do is fairer. Ideally, everybody who eats meat should be able to go out and shoot the animal to acknowledge that's what they are doing."

At least pig hunting involves a chase. Pigs are clever. Evasive. They don't just wander into view, dumb as deer, and stare a hunter down. "You have to respect pigs," Drew says. "Shooting and killing isn't hard. Finding the animals is hard. Outthinking them. That's what hunting is about."

Drew has been charged by pigs many times; one incident was caught on film. "You can see the boar running across a pond to gore me and hear me screaming like a baby," he says, laughing. He escaped by balancing on a crotch-high barbed-wire fence.

Drew uses a seven-millimeter Remington Magnum with a ballistic-tip bullet. The ideal hit is a quartering shot behind the shoulder, with the bullet penetrating the lung and the heart. Drew carries his dead pigs out in a backpack frame he had fitted with Velcro straps—like a BabyBjörn, only for carcasses.

His clients at Shasta Outfitters pay one grand for a shot. If they duff the kill, it's their problem. As a rule, "the worst hunters are the people who tell me they are the best hunters," Drew says. "They miss seven times in a row. They hit them in the guts. They blow off their snouts. I've had guys shoot boars off the back of a sow while they're mating." His eyes grow wide. "People fucking love that."

Drew reckons the longest he has gone between kills is a couple of weeks. If pigs aren't available, he shoots other things. Beaver. Coyote. Feral cats.

"I love killing cats," he says. "When you shoot one, they jump six feet into the air." (He's shot kitties for private contractors, a practice that is accepted these days because feral felines destroy bird populations.)

Drew pauses, reflecting for a moment. "I'm somewhat antisocial, I guess," he says. "But I am a thoughtful person." He ponders further, considers how he might sound to someone on the outside—to a cat person, for example. "Pig killing is comforting to me. We evolved as predators. It's part of who we are. What I do eliminates a lot of crap in my life."

And then: "I never worried there might be something wrong with me. I feel guilt and emotion when I should." He offers a small smile. "I rationalize, of course."

**D**rew is driving along the valley trail, still searching for the elusive hog. His truck is cluttered with empty water bottles, granola-bar wrappers, notepaper, bug spray, binoculars, clods of mud. His gun is nestled in the rear cab, shoved tight behind his son's car seat. On his dashboard, Drew keeps a bottle of Germ-X.

"I have spent 17 years chasing, killing, and fantasizing about pigs," he says, his eyes nowhere near the road. "I have my addiction under control because I have

a family. If I didn't want kids and a semi-normal life, I would be bidding on pig-killing contracts all over the world."

Pig business is big business. Farmers in many countries want them gone. So do national parks. Wineries, in particular, have pig issues. The city of Santa Cruz, California, just hired a crew of New Zealanders to wipe out their hogs. Wherever there are wild pigs, there are people who want them executed.

"The Nature Conservancy is distributing funds for the Santa Cruz eradication," Drew explains. He smiles at the obvious irony. "There are serious conflicts of interest between what their members believe in and what they need to do for the environment. But these guys are watching the purple lily disappear, and you can't get that back. So they hire guys like me to come in and do the work."


And for this vocation, Drew remains unapologetic. He's no fool. He has looked around and noticed that for most men, life is a trudge. A series of obligations, monotony, managed expectations, disappointments, resignations. He has seen the other way and decided it's not for him. These men do not see the sun or walk in the dew.

Drew knows life and death. He has been charged and gored—even ejaculated on by a boar in the last throes of life. He has gutted pregnant sows and fed the fetuses to his dogs. He has slit the throats of snarling beasts, pinned them hand to hoof, and felt the give of the knife breaking through skin. He has squealed in fear like a little girl.

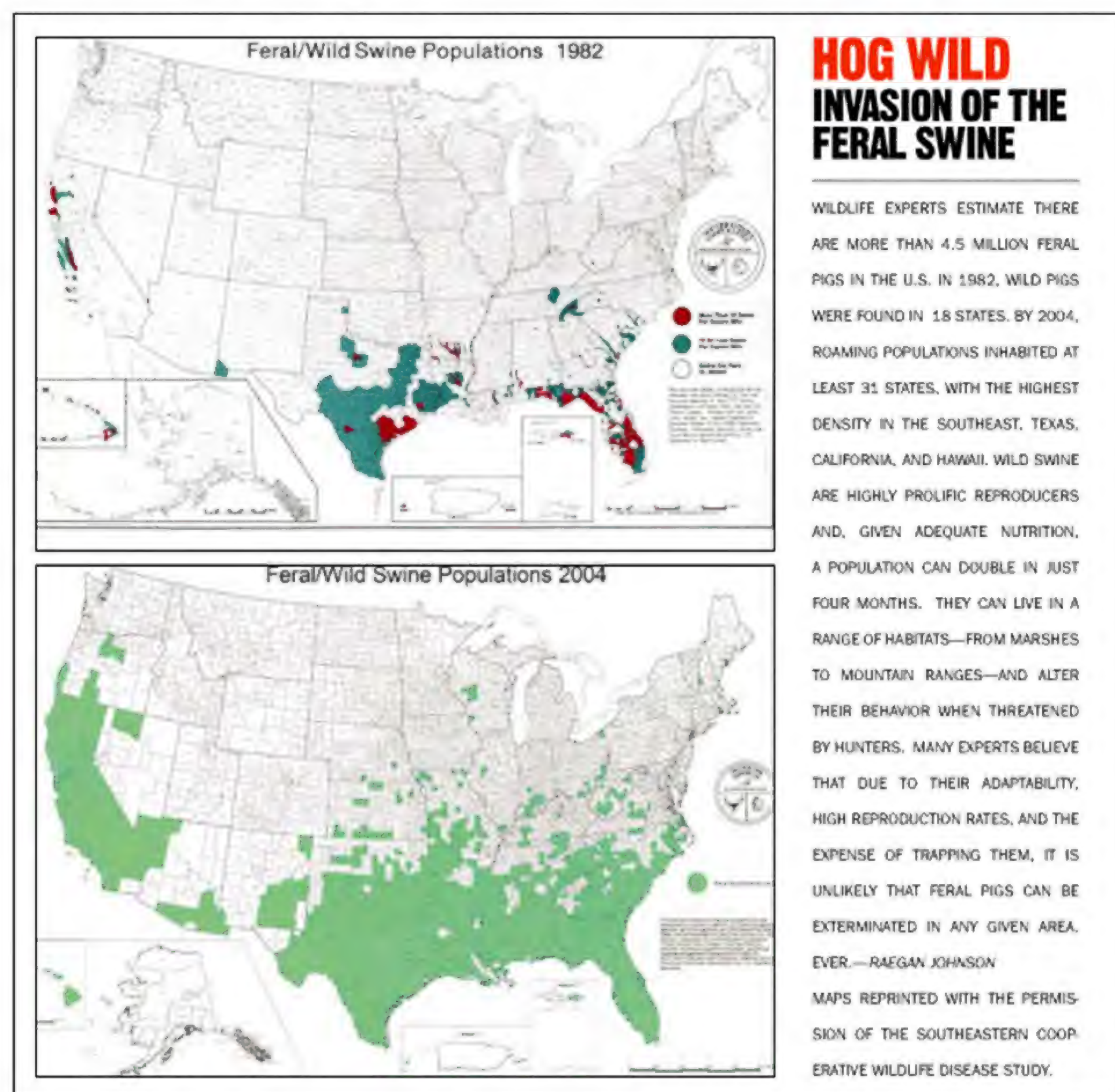
For Drew, every day offers a chance for revelation. Moreover, it promises resolution. A chance to start and finish a quest, a chance to pursue something to the bloody end, an end he controls. He does not look back. "I realized the other day that I was having a slightly harder time killing things," he says. "I think because I have kids, I have more affection for fresh life. But in the end, it's meat. That's all it is."

When Drew dies, he wants to be thrown to the pigs. He feels it is only fair—circle of life and all. Until then, he will hunt. He will march through thistle and mud, and he will shoot on sight, and eat what he kills. "I dream about them, you know," Drew says. "The kills."

His waking dreams are generally about pig ranches, of one day owning his own, one with fresh water and an abundance of acorns and shade. A pig paradise, where he "could do everything in the world for the pigs."

And then shoot them. 

Allison Glock is a senior writer at *ESPN the Magazine*. She is the author of *Beauty Before Comfort* (Knopf) and a forthcoming book about marriage, *What's In It for Me: The Myth of the Happy Wife*.







**A transplanted Midwesterner lays a much-deserved smackdown on coastal city slickers. Score one for “flyover country.”**

On my second night in New York, I ended up at a party with some of my cosmopolitan new coworkers. We mingled uncomfortably for a while until a man in a gold lamé shirt and pants tighter than a figure skater's walked over to me. “Hey, you’re the new guy, right?”

“Yep. I’m Will. I just moved here yesterday.”

“Oh, how wonderful. Where are you from?”

“I’m from central Illinois.”

He paused, then flashed a disapproving frown. “Well ... I suppose *somebody* has to be from central Illinois.”

Now, in my 25 years in the tiny town of Mattoon, Illinois, I had heard nothing but good things about New Yorkers—or anybody else, for that matter. Sure, New Yorkers could be brusque and confrontational, but in a strangely courteous way; when you share a land-

mass the size of an overgrown subdivision with eight million other souls, there’s a type of interactive shorthand that corn-fed dopes like myself could easily confuse with rudeness. I was eager to crack the code and ready to give them the benefit of the doubt.

But there could be no confusion about this remark: This was a put-down, delivered by an effete city slicker in a gold lamé shirt, no less. *Ouch*. Today, after seven heart-hardening years in New York, I’d have a snappy retort—“Well, *somebody* has to shop from Liza Minnelli’s closet”—but back then, I just looked down at my shoes and clucked my tongue like a good Midwesterner.

That was in 2000, but the attitudes of New Yorkers—and Los Angelenos, too, most of whom think “Midwest” is synonymous with “Orange County”—haven’t changed much. Almost without exception, they consider the area in

the middle of the country a vast wasteland of Wal-Marts, super-churches, strip malls, and people who are really into professional wrestling. (I tend to call these people “cousins.”) The whole notion of flyover country is offensive and infuriatingly elitist; have any of you people even *been* to Chicago? Shit, Austin is like the best parts of New York except it’s *warm*, it’s not eight bucks for a Pabst Blue Ribbon, and they have good Mexican. Try to find that east of the Hudson. Any notion that there might be normal lives going on there—in Austin, St. Louis, or Minneapolis—with hopes and dreams and fears and desires for oral sex, seems beyond the realm of city slickers’ comprehension.

Look, I know the Midwest has its shortcomings—I grew up in a county that voted for Alan Keyes over Barack Obama, for crying out loud—and I don’t even think Keyes’s family voted





sounds like something an uncle had removed after a two-week hunting trip. And do you realize how completely helpless New York and Los Angeles would be without the rest of the country? I've lived in New York for seven years, and I've yet to meet a single white man who knows how to use a hammer or change a tire.

I've lived on both sides of this divide, so I know how it can get on the coasts. The massive metropolitan areas feel so self-contained—I can get an order of pad thai at 4 A.M. by walking 20 feet out my front door—that their people forget there really is a “rest of the country” out there. There are more people on my *block* than there are in my hometown. And evidently, they think they're superior to someone who shops at Wal-Mart and watches a lot of television because ... why again? Because they shop organic? Because they spent three years dorking around grad school, smoking primo weed, discussing Noam Chomsky, and almost finishing that thesis?

We're smart, we're resourceful, we're gritty, and we take care of business without yammering so much about it. You should pay closer attention to how we carry ourselves; you'd be happier or, at the very least, could save money on psychoanalysis.

When I was home for Christmas, the lousy rental car I was driving overheated, so I took it to our local body shop. Steve, the man working in the garage, was a guy I went to high school with. (If memory serves, I cheated off him in shop class.) I hadn't seen him in a while, and we started reminiscing about life since the early nineties. (He, like me, is *still* waiting for the new Guns N' Roses album.) He asked me what I was doing for a living, and I told him I was a writer. He raised an eyebrow.

“What, like, letters?”

“I'm sorry?”

“Do you, like, write letters for people?”

In New York, this would be received with titters and derision. But as I looked at Steve—palms soiled with the grease

“I've lived in New York **for seven years**, and I've yet to meet a **single white man** who knows how to **use a hammer** or change a tire.”


that way. And it's true—we tend toward the portly, to put it mildly. We sometimes mistake gravy for a health shake. And while we may have some provincial perspectives—you won't find many militias in Santa Monica—we're more than just the backbone of the country. Flyover country? We *are* the country. The term is not only dismissive and insulting, it's also—to use an adjective frequently applied to Midwesterners—ignorant. Not to break out the census figures, but there are more people living in the Midwest than there are in the East, and nearly as many in the heartland as there are in the West. And guess what? They don't care about the latest Decemberists release or the new iPhone, and every third person is not an aspiring deejay. Most of the things I talk about with my friends in New York are completely irrelevant to the rest of the country. When I go home, nobody knows what a blog is; to them, it

The Midwest may surprise you: It's a region that spawned both the Republican party (formed to stop the spread of slavery) and the Progressive Movement (a coalition of farmers and merchants making their voices heard in government). It's also overflowing with good cheer and positive spirit—that's one stereotype that holds true—and you're all missing it. The people there are more open, charitable, and straightforward than Easterners. Walk into any Midwestern 7-Eleven or diner for the proof. And no, it's not what you saw on *According to Jim*. That show may be *set* in the Midwest, but it's shot in L.A. by a bunch of transplanted New Yorkers.

I'm aware that I'm generalizing here—not all East Coasters are tweedy, elitist cock-bags. Sometimes it just seems that way. And that type of generalizing is exactly what has made us Midwesterners so annoyed by you.

of a hard day's work, sweating, exhausted, *honest*—I didn't feel like mocking him, or educating him on the inner workings of Web 2.0 and the “blogosphere.” It would have been awkward, confusing, and, well, what would be the point? In fact, I was the one who was embarrassed; sitting around and typing all day suddenly didn't seem much like real work.

“Something like that,” I said, and then asked him how much it would cost to do a job that, in my seven years of city living, I had forgotten how to do myself.

I've become more comfortable with my adopted city since 2000, for sure, but I still make regular return visits to the Midwest. It's not flyover country to me, and you'll never see me in a gold lamé shirt. 

Will Leitch is the editor of *Deadspin.com* and the author of two books, *Life as a Loser* and *Catch*.





SUITE



Twenty-one-year-old Ava Rose

hails from Alaska,

but she's no ice queen.

The scorching-hot

sexpot has a blossoming

adult-film career

(she and her sister Mia

were both nominated

for 2007 AVN awards)

and a body that

could melt the polar

ice cap.

Photographs by Emma Nixon

# TREAT





"I love being photographed nude," Ava says. "Just thinking about it gets me in the mood to act sexy, then I can't wait to get going. And this shoot was a blast. The location, the crew, the wardrobe—I couldn't have asked for anything more."

















"I haven't traveled much yet," the five-foot-six stunner tells us, "but I'd love to go to London. I have a thing for historic buildings and guys with accents." See more of this blooming rose at [Penthouse.com/ava](http://Penthouse.com/ava).







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## Rubber the Right Way

Think you know  
everything about  
condoms? Guess again.

Here are some tips  
to make safe sex sexier.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

Photographs by

Nick Ferrari

### Materialism

Most condoms are made of latex, and latex has limitations: Those rubbers can only be used with water-based lubricants (oil-based lubricants break them down), some people dislike the feel of latex, and the material may cause an allergic reaction. The Bentley of prophylactic material is a medical polyurethane called Microsheer. It's thinner and stronger than latex, transmits body heat, is nonallergenic, and has no taste or smell. Another advanced nonallergenic condom fabric is Tactylon, which stretches more comfortably than latex. Lambskin condoms prevent pregnancy but do not protect against HIV, and are not recommended for safe-sex purposes.





### Special Features

Yes, there actually *is* a musical condom that plays a tune louder as the sex gets more spirited, but it's probably best to keep the music on your stereo and look for condom features that actually improve the sex you're having. Those with stamina issues should try condoms that come with a small amount of climax-control numbing gel. Trojan offers a vibrating ring that's designed to be used with condoms to stimulate your woman's clitoris during intercourse. But you definitely need to test these on yourself first: Too much numbness will ruin your party, and all that vibration could end up overstimulating you, too.

### Size Yourself Up

As much as you want to impress your girl, *Magnum* doesn't mean *one size fits all*. To determine your actual size, slide your erect penis into an empty toilet-paper roll. If it fits comfortably, a regular-size condom will do just fine. If you have a *lot* of room to spare, you may need a smaller size—and if your penis is too thick to slide in easily, then you obviously need a larger size. Remember: A loose or broken rubber could leave a disastrous impression nine months later.

### Lube Jobs

Lubricated condoms can make good sex even better, and now some are available with a spermicide (nonoxynol-9) that can help prevent pregnancy. If it's anal that you're after, make sure you use extra-strong condoms—the risk of infection is much higher during anal sex—and use a ton of lube. During anal, *avoid* lubricants containing nonoxynol-9, which can damage the lining of the rectum and actually increase the

risk of STD transmission. But since most girls don't do anal on the first date, you may want to stock up on the thinner, more comfortable models.

### Getting It On

Sex isn't supposed to be a hassle, so if it takes more than a few seconds to slide on a condom, it probably means that something's wrong—most likely, you've got it upside down. Don't try to roll it back on a second time. Hold it near the rim and slide it off. Then start again with a new condom.

If your erection tends to soften while you're putting on a condom, kneel on the bed and lean forward so blood will rush to your penis. You might want to give her breasts or clit a little oral attention while using both of your hands to adjust the condom. Or better yet, ask her to help you out.

### Bad Breaks

Although there's only a one in 50 chance that a condom will break or slip off during intercourse, you need to be prepared. If you suddenly feel heightened sensitivity, it's likely that your prophylactic either ruptured or slipped off. At this point, shrug off any denial or desire to continue, stop, and check. If the condom is broken, take it off and replace it with another one. If it's missing in action, you or your girl might have to go on a fishing expedition to retrieve it.

### Happy Endings

Make sure you pull out before you get too soft. If you stay in too long, you risk slippage. All your good intentions about birth control and disease prevention won't matter if any semen spills while you're still inside her.



## THE DOCTOR IS IN

### Photo Finish

*I was just dumped by a very hot chick and I'm really bummed. Before we broke up, I took some videos of her sucking me off and I want to put them up on the Internet so all her buddies can see what a nasty slut she is. Can I get into legal trouble for this?*

There's no doubt this is one of the creepiest and most obnoxious questions I've ever heard. But I think it needs to be answered, because all kinds of things show up on the Internet. First of all, if your ex was under 18, you're probably breaking the law by even having these videos. Second, she could still sue you for invasion of privacy or for "intentional infliction of emotional distress." Bottom line: Stop trying to fuck with the chicks who dump you and try to figure out how you can fuck chicks who *like* you. Learning to respect them would be a good first step.

### Take My Husband, Please!

*My wife has been encouraging me to have an affair. She says she feels guilty about being so busy with her career and wants to know what kind of women I find*




*attractive. This makes me very uncomfortable, though, especially because I have no desire to cheat. Can you help me figure out what is going on?*

Your wife may indeed be experiencing a lot of career pressure, but I doubt she is giving you the green light to cheat out of sheer altruism. My gut feeling tells me there is something else going on here. She may be feeling less sexy as a result of all that work stress, and may wonder if you still find her desirable. This may be her way of testing you. There is also a chance that she's having infidelity fantasies, or that she may be involved in an extramarital liaison and wants to alleviate her own guilt by pushing you to do the same.

You should tell her that the idea of sleeping with another woman makes you uncomfortable, then suggest that you would be willing to consider it only if she also participates, or at least watches. Perhaps it's only a little sexual novelty she is after—and she's looking for new ways to soup up your sex life. If so, consider yourself lucky!

### Stick a Fork In, You're Done

*I have been dating this really great girl on and off for a few months. Recently she decided to go back to her old boyfriend, who is a total loser. When I asked her why she chose him over me, she told me that I am too good for her and that I deserve someone better. I am really crazy about this woman, and I don't want anyone else. How can I convince her that I am the man for her?*

You can't. The old "you're too good for me" garbage is code for "I'm not into you"! Chances are, she likes that other guy for reasons she is not willing to share with you or maybe doesn't fully understand—that hormonal attraction we call "chemistry." She may be deluding herself about his "loser" qualities, like imagining that he is going to change, or she may have low self-esteem. Either way, she's saying that *you* are not for her, and you should listen. You won't win her back by trying to be a bigger loser than the other guy, so drop her and find someone who's worthy of your affections. 

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## Feeling a Draft

**How the military's fine print keeps recruits serving and serving and serving....**

**By Colby Buzzell**

I'm always amused when I run into people who are under 35 and all gung ho about "supporting the troops" in Iraq, but who somehow forgot to join the military themselves. Whenever someone like that tells me why it's important to win the war, the first thing that comes to mind is, *Then why the hell didn't you enlist?*

Hardly anyone has a really good answer—college, marriage, and career all seem to trump patriotism—so I usually ask a second question: "Well, what if there was a draft and you got called up? Would you go?" There's always an uncomfortable pause as the gears turn in their heads and they ponder that grave possibility while weighing whether they should answer truthfully. Then they usually say yes, they would go. *Sure.*

Ever since people began realizing what a disaster the Iraq war is, it's become popular to compare it to Vietnam—but there's one very big difference that's too often overlooked: President Johnson used a draft to feed his generals' unlimited appetite for bodies to keep the war going. Of course, it was the draft that doomed it to failure. As one Vietnam veteran tells me, "When the draft happened, it was like the antiwar crowd came out of the woodwork. People you wouldn't imagine ever protesting the war were

all of a sudden against it."

President Bush learned that lesson well (that might be the only lesson he's learned). So the only draft we have now is the backdoor draft, aka Individual Ready Reserve. The IRR, spelled out in the very fine print on all military contracts that your recruiter probably won't tell you about, explains that once you join you can be called back up to active duty at any time.

This is how IRR works: One of my neighbors, who served in the Marines as an officer years ago, recently received a letter in the mail instructing him to report. An old friend who was in Iraq with me, served four years, and got out a little more than a year ago just got called back to active duty.

Whenever I come across a news story about a fallen soldier now, it will almost always mention that it was the soldier's second or third deployment. Army Specialist Kenneth Haines was a six-year veteran who was killed by a roadside improvised explosive device on his second tour in Iraq. U.S. Army Staff Sergeant John L. Hartman volunteered for a third(!) tour in Iraq, offering to take the place of a friend in his platoon whose wife had recently had a baby. Hartman was killed in Baghdad by an IED.

Major Megan McClung, who left active duty in 2004,



*Do you HATE Rejection by Women? Imagine, no more heartbreak, no more rejection, ever...*

# “The Amazing ‘Natural Attraction Secrets’ of a 5’7” Former Loser From Texas, That Literally Compel Beautiful, Desirable Women To Approach You First, Begging for a Date, No Matter Your Looks, Age or Income”



**WARNING:** When You Put These “Women Approach You Secrets” to Work You Must Be Careful Not to Attract TOO MANY Women Too Fast! Why would any sane man reveal these secrets in a **FREE Report** if they were true? Read my message below to find out...

If you are frustrated with your relationships with women, and want to spend your time with desirable women who all approached you first, this may be the most important message you ever read. Here’s why:

My name is John Alanis, and I used to be a complete loser when it came to meeting women (even ugly ones). Whenever I saw a beautiful woman I got so scared, I literally made myself sick at the thought of approaching her. I’d walk away, wondering “what could have been” if I’d only had the “guts” to talk to her. **Maybe you’ve had a similar experience.** Here’s what was even more frustrating: on those few occasions when I was “lucky enough” to get a “date” I never got a second one....

instead **she always told me what a “nice guy”** I was, but she “just wasn’t attracted to me.” And then she’d go moon over some “jerk” who cared nothing about her, and would *dump* her for her best friend at a moment’s notice!

Has that happened to you? **It sucks, doesn’t it?** But it gets worse... what would happen next is, one of these jerks would dump the woman I *secretly lusted after*, and she’d come crying to me, telling me what a great “friend” I was for “listening”... and she’d move to the next “jerk,” crushing my feelings like a grape. The one time I did have a “steady girlfriend,” I discovered **she was just using me for money**, even though I really didn’t have much of that. She never had a problem taking what little I did have, though.

I was beginning to think I’d be “celibate for life,” when an unusual thing happened that put me on the true path to “male liberation” and **literally allows me to attract any woman I want, on demand!** And, I’m convinced **any man can duplicate my success, no matter your looks, age, or income.**

Skeptical? I don’t blame you... if you’d told me a few months ago I’d be able to compel desirable women to boldly walk up and talk to me, I’d have called you a big, fat liar, right to your face.

## How I “Accidentally” Raised Myself From Failure to Success with Desirable Women

I’ve always been fascinated by psychology, and the one thing I’ve always had going for me is the obsessive will to learn new things. Anyways, I was at a seminar awhile back, listening to a short, fat, dumpy guy speak on the subject of advertising. What this guy had to say about what makes people “tick” was truly amazing... but what was even more amazing was the **reaction of all the women in the audience to him after he was done speaking!** They all rushed to him, vying for his attention. And these weren’t ugly women.... they were **intelligent, desirable, beautiful businesswomen...** who all went “gaga” like little girls over this short, fat, dumpy guy! I watched him take the numbers of 3 drop-dead gorgeous women before he finally left. I had to know this guy’s secret.... how could someone **that ugly** literally have hot, sexy women throw themselves at him?

## The Amazing “Natural Attraction” Secrets of A Desperate Nerd From Texas!

Luckily, I was able to corner him before he left the room, and I somehow talked him into having dinner with me. As we sat down to eat, I asked him, point blank: “Look, you’re not exactly the best looking guy in the world... **in fact you look sort of like a basset hound.**

**Yet, you have hot women throwing themselves at you... what’s your secret? What do you do? And, will it work for me?”**

He laughed when I said that. Then he told me something I’ll never forget as long as I live: “John,” he said, “I’ve been in advertising for a long, long time, and I’ve been involved in amazing research into what makes people buy things.”

“The psychological processes that get people to buy are the **exact same processes that get women to become attracted to you.** I used to be a complete loser when it came to women, until I applied what I learned in my advertising career to my love life. And ever since then, the results have been phenomenal.”

“The truth is, **every man is already ‘naturally attractive’**... it’s biologically programmed into us, much like it is with animals in nature. But, in our modern society we’ve gotten away from our natural instincts and are taught the opposite of what works.”

“All you have to do is “switch on” the biologically programmed “attraction triggers” all women have deep inside, **then stand back and let them come to you.** Looks don’t matter, age doesn’t matter, income doesn’t matter... all those things we’ve been taught about ‘dating’ and ‘romance’ are just plain wrong. **Stop dating, and start attracting... it’s really simple.**”

## Most Men Do NOT Attract Women Simply Because They Were Never Taught How!

Then he told me step-by-step exactly how he attracted women, and how I could do the same. As he talked, I realized he had truly, “cracked the code” and that **attracting women was nothing more than a paint-by-numbers, step-by-step, brain-dead simple process.** It works for every man because you’re already born with natural attraction that is genetically designed to “flip on” biological attraction. **It can’t not work.**

## Here Are A Few of These Remarkable Secrets

- How to tap into your natural attraction to “magnetically draw” the most desirable women to you (they’ll come up and talk to you first, already “pre-disposed” to liking you...)
- The seven deadly turn-offs that will guarantee you instant failure with any woman (if you’re currently failing with women, it’s because you’re unconsciously broadcasting one... and probably more... of these attraction-killing turn-offs)
- The amazing “romance novel hero” secret that will have her thinking about you (and ONLY you) even when you’re not around (not one in a thousand men knows this simple secret, yet it’s incredibly powerful — never be cheated on again)
- Just looking for a “casual encounter?” Here’s how to tell (within 15 minutes) if she’s open to being your “adventure partner” or “special friend” (and many more women ARE than you think) or if she’s only interested in a committed relationship (this secret lets you avoid giving a woman “false expectations” so you won’t “hurt” her like all those jerks out there do)

**How to use a subtle “test” to discover if she’s even qualified to spend time with you** (this is the ultimate “turning of the tables” — women test men over and over... now you get to test her to see if she’s “good

enough” for you... and make sure she’s not a stalker, gold-digger or psycho-path)

- How to read little known female signals that let you **know she’s attracted to you** (and why you must **act immediately** when you sense these, or risk losing a woman who wants you, now)
- Secrets to using your body language for **maximum “attraction effect”** (the wrong kind will **turn women off**... the right kind can have them flocking to you)
- How to attract women by saying nothing at all!
- Shy? Here’s how to use your “shyness” to literally force women to chase you (they won’t think you’re “shy” at all, they’ll think you’re “mysterious” and “challenging” and wonder what it takes to get you to “open up!”)
- How to “position” yourself so **multiple women compete for your attention** (never compete with other men again... now they can jealously watch women chase you, and wonder what YOUR secret is)
- How to **never be nervous or flustered** ever again when talking to women (when they approach you, it’s remarkably simple to be calm, cool, and collected... you get to make the “rejection decision,” not her)
- How to **never spend more than \$1.84 on a “first date”** and have her thinking it was the best “date” she ever had (she’ll be dying to see you again... IF you decide she’s “your type,” not the other way around)
- How to create an “automatic referral system” that **compels** your female friends to compete with each other to see **who can bring you the most women** ... and much more. Look, no matter if you want to **meet a woman for purely “physical reasons,”** or you truly, deeply want to **meet that “special woman”** to spend the rest of your life with these secrets have the power to...

## Give You Absolute Power and Control Over All Your Romantic Outcomes For Life

Let’s cut to the chase. You have just read a detailed description of these remarkable “natural attraction secrets” and what they can do for you. However, I must warn you, these secrets are not for everyone. If you’re a guy who’s out to hurt or “get back at women,” you can stop reading now. **These secrets are only for guys who want to choose their own outcomes with women in a way that makes women feel really, really wonderful.**

Look, I understand you may find these secrets hard to believe. That’s why I’ve put all the details of how you can put these “hidden secrets” to work for you into a 28 page report that is yours **FREE** for the asking. To have this incredible **FREE** report rushed to you at once via first class mail, simply call **1-800-452-8320 ext 848** for a 24 hour free recorded message. Or, you may go to **[www.womenapproachme.com](http://www.womenapproachme.com)** and enter **Report Code 848 RIGHT NOW** to request it and instantly read a copy online. The number of men who will get this report is strictly limited. I don’t want every guy out there in on my secrets. So, after this marketing test ends, I’m going to discontinue this report, until I’m sure all the men who’ve requested it are behaving responsibly. Don’t risk being left out. Dial **1-800-452-8320 ext 848** now, or go to **[www.womenapproachme.com](http://www.womenapproachme.com)** and enter **Report Code 848**. It doesn’t cost you a thing.



went to Iraq as a civilian contractor for Kellogg, Brown & Root, but reenlisted in the Marine Corps as a public-affairs officer because "she wanted to get the message out about the courageous folks who are there doing their job," her mother says. On December 6, 2006, it was announced that she was the highest-ranking female service member to date to be killed in Iraq.

It seems like the only people called upon to sacrifice in this war on terror are those in the military—past and present—and their families. I think it's about time the government saw to it that others contribute to the war effort.

A lot has changed since the sixties. Back then, only men were drafted. If the draft were reinstated now, I'd expect that this time things would be different—and it would be interesting to see how many "feminists" of either sex agree with me.

If it were up to me (and of course it won't be), there'd be other criteria for who would be at the top of a draft list. I'd start with the families of anyone who voted for the war, including congressmen and senators, Democrats and Republicans. President Bush has twin 25-year-old daughters, Jenna and Barbara. I wonder what the war would be like if both of them were running convoy missions on dirt roads night and day, dodging IEDs on the outskirts of the Sunni Triangle. I have a gut feeling that things would be a little different than they are currently. What better way to embrace family values than to remind his own children that materialism, greed, and celebrity are not the meaning of life?

I'm not the only one who thinks this way. Kate Hoit, an Army specialist stationed




**"If we had a draft** that took everyone, not just poor **kids without college** degrees, there'd be **rioting** from the Hamptons to Beverly Hills."

at the infamous "Mortarita-ville" (Camp Anaconda) during her deployment in Iraq, believes that a draft would be a good thing. "Look at who typically joins the military," she says. "Kids who need financial help, kids who don't know what they want to do, kids who need a life, etc. It would help if all these ignorant, self-centered assholes out there, who think life is just about a fucking stupid job and what kind of car you drive, got a taste of reality....

Bring them down to earth a little. Fuck 'em. Send them to war." And she's got a point. "The Army forces you to work with people you normally wouldn't come into contact with," Hoit says. "There are kids overseas now who don't believe in the war, but they're still doing their job ... and if kids who were drafted did their job, I wouldn't have a problem with them."

But sadly, the politicians and the powerful, influential people who run things would

have a problem. If we had a draft that actually took everyone, not just poor kids without college degrees, there'd be rioting from the Hamptons to Beverly Hills. That's why there won't be a draft, and why whoever is elected president next year will have to figure out how to get us out of this terrible war. 

*Buzzell is the author of My War: Killing Time in Iraq (Penguin Group, USA), and a frequent contributor to Esquire.*



**CALLING ALL WARRIORS:** Since 1974, *Penthouse* has supported U.S. veterans and service personnel. In keeping with that tradition, we are looking for a few good stories and pictures from our men and women currently serving overseas. Tell us how you feel about your mission, your fellow soldiers, and the people you miss back home. We want to hear about the jokes you tell and the music you listen to. If you have a story or an opinion to share, drop us a note at [warriorwire@pmgi.com](mailto:warriorwire@pmgi.com) or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121 and you might read your words or even see your photo in an upcoming issue of *Penthouse*. Names will be withheld upon request. We may also withhold the writer's name at our discretion, and we reserve the right to edit submissions for space, style, and legal reasons.



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Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

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# Penalty for Early Withdrawal?

**Can this "Secret Formula" Really Improve Your Stamina and Performance?**

**Ask Steffanie:**

**Hey Fellas - If YOUR "Timing" issues are keeping HER from scoring the BIG O - then read this letter that reveals the sex secret that keeps you out of the penalty box and in the pleasure zone!**



**Dear Steffanie,**

I know a lot of men read your column and could really benefit from this important STAMINA secret my boyfriend and I recently discovered.

As much as I hate to throw him under the bus, my boyfriend's sexual performance was less than adequate when it came to his "timing". He tried hard to please me and I can tell that he believed he was doing a great job, which is why it was difficult for me to tell him the truth.

We've been together for about a year but last month, after what he thought was a "strong effort" for a Saturday afternoon, I couldn't help but be disappointed and I let him know there could be a bit of a gap between his perception of his sexual performance and our SEXUAL REALITY.

I told him that I love him but when it came to the "duration" of our lovemaking, I was often left feeling extremely frustrated - he always "got his" and that if he could "hold out" just a little longer, maybe I could "get mine."

He said he always thought that when he "punched the clock", he was pulling a "full shift." Of course, he was shocked by this huge blow to his ego but after some serious sulking and a whole lot of denial, he realized his sexual stamina really could use some improvement.

**"I know he feels great knowing I'm completely satisfied and HE'S the reason why."**

He was serious about improving his performance so he did some research and spoke to a doctor friend of his. His friend told him about a number of cheap desensitizing lubricants on the market that might help his stamina and performance but were known to possibly hurt erection quality and worse, they tend to numb a woman - which as far as I'm concerned, defeats the whole purpose! Great, so now he'd be able to last longer but I'd be numb too! That was the last thing our relationship needed!

His doctor friend also told him that if he really wanted to improve his control and performance and still maintain maximum firmness, he should try a new product called **Vivaxa** from the makers of **Maxoderm** (the #1 topical male enhancement product that's recommended by Leading Physician, Michael A. Savino, M.D., F.A.C.S. for instantly improving erection quality). The ingredients in this new "sex stamina secret" make it different from other products because it contains a clinically tested ingredient that is unlike anything else on

the planet! It actually HELPS erection quality and firmness. And best of all, the formula absorbs super fast upon application so it won't numb a woman! Improved erection quality AND enhanced stamina - it seemed too good to be true!

My boyfriend got a sample and that weekend we tried it. From the very first application, he felt more firm and full than ever before - by the time we'd finished making love, I'D GOTTEN MINE TWICE! Needless to say, this has been a record breaking month for us. I know he feels great knowing that I'm completely satisfied and he's the reason why. And trust me, his confidence wasn't the only thing that shot through the roof!

So Steffanie, please print this letter - I'm sure there's a ton of women out there wishing their men used Vivaxa, a quality control and performance enhancing product that lets him put in the extra time without numbing her! I know they're still offering a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** if you call **1-800-458-2714** or visit their website at **www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com**. Tell your readers to hurry because supplies were limited when I called.

Pamela B., Nashville, TN

**Dear Readers,**

I did some research on Vivaxa and here's what I found: Vivaxa uses groundbreaking, advanced topical technology. It's the first sexual control and performance enhancer on the market to utilize Calmosensine™, along with Peptide 171. It soothes overstimulation to help men significantly enhance stamina and performance without desensitizing female partners. Check out Vivaxa by calling **1-800-458-2714** or visit **www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com** and receive a **FREE TUBE PLUS** get **\$200 worth of FREE GIFTS** with your order - **FOR A LIMITED TIME**. Don't let her question your staying power anymore. Call today! **GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

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# Zach Galifianakis

**The shaggy comic talks fat goth chicks, bankers with dildos, and getting drunk and stupid.**

"I spoke to my stylist before the show," says the decidedly ungroomed, heavy-bearded Zach Galifianakis. "She said, 'What look are you going for tonight, Zach?' and I told her, 'Just give me the Amber Alert.'"

Galifianakis may sport an unhinged look, and he did grow up in the foothills of North Carolina, where he still owns a farm, but he's more hip jester than child molester. Witness his hilarious turn in Fiona Apple's "Not About Love" video, wherein he earnestly lip-synchs the entire song while lying in bed with the fragile chanteuse. Galifianakis has also appeared on the TV shows *Dog Bites Man* and *Boston Common*, and he starred in the 2005 performance documentary *The Comedians of Comedy* (with Patton Oswalt and Brian Posehn).

This month brings his debut comedy DVD, *Zach Galifianakis: Live at the Purple Onion*, which showcases Galifianakis's laconic, sharply observed comedy. It's also a coming-out party for Zach's identical twin brother Seth, whose mincing southern twang, conservative demeanor, and clean-shaven visage provide a bold counterpoint to Zach's shaggy, let-it-all-hang-out demeanor. Much like Superman and Clark Kent, the Galifianakis boys have never been photographed together, and they've never been seen in the same room. But our man Jon Wiederhorn convinced the two of them to talk to *Penthouse*. Zach went first, and we gave the last word to Seth.

**You are the butt of many of your own jokes. Is that genuine or an act?**

Both. People are complex. Like, a banker can be very rational at work and then when he gets home, he'll get out his ankle weights and strap on a dildo.

**Do you think you're a good comic?**

Woody Allen said if you think you're funny, you're probably not. I think some-







"I knew **I was too drunk to drive**, so I moved my car to a park and that's all I remember. **I woke up** the next morning **underneath the car**, with the engine still running."

times I'm okay. I'm just trying to do stuff I haven't seen before, but I never listen to my stuff. I put on the DVD once, but I turned it off.

**Why?**

I don't have any mirrors in my house, let's just put it that way.

**That explains the Paul Bunyan beard.**

I'm not much of a groomer. I take two baths a day, but I don't have time for painstaking hair care.

**On the DVD, you complain about being fat. You're not that fat.**

That was the fattest I had ever been. I had recently received a letter from *Celebrity Fit Club* that said, "We're looking for celebrities who are at least 30 pounds overweight to be on this reality show." I didn't know whether to be more offended that they thought I was fat or a celebrity.

**In *The Comedians of Comedy*, you found a street musician and brought him onstage. Was that a onetime thing?**

No. I'll often walk around the town I'm

playing and recruit someone. Or I'll go to a school and try to get a couple of six-year-old ballet dancers—that's *ballet* dancers, not belly dancers. Six-year-old belly dancers would be weird.

**What's your most embarrassing drinking story?**

I bombed onstage one night in L.A., and I had a '72 Volkswagen station wagon outside. I got drunk after the show, and I knew I was too drunk to drive, but I needed to move my car. So I moved it 300 feet to a park, and that's all I remember. I woke up the next morning underneath the car, with the engine still running.

**Would you like to be as famous as Adam Sandler?**

No. Being recognized in public all the time is no way to live.

**Yeah, but would you turn down a role in *Click 2*?**

It depends on where it's shooting and if there's marijuana around.

**Does comedy help get you laid?**

Do fat goth chicks count? 

## Seth Speaks

Zach Galifianakis's reclusive twin brother Seth grants a rare interview.

**What do you think of your brother Zach's comedy?**

I don't get it.

**Do you think he's clever?**

I think he's screwed up—and clever doesn't mean funny as far as I'm concerned. People say he's eccentric, but to me he's just annoying.

**Is he the kind of guy who will walk up to you when you're sleeping and stick a wet finger in your ear?**

No, quite the opposite. Sometimes when we're at the 7-Eleven, I like to jerk his britches down. Now *that's* funny. Sometimes he doesn't even pull them up. He just walks to the car with his pants around his ankles.

**Are you at least happy for Zach's success?**

Nope. It's embarrassing. There are only 27 Galifianakises in the United States and we all know one another, so it's humiliating.

**Could you do what Zach does?**

I could act the fool and look crazy. I wouldn't wanna do it, but anyone could do it. You grow your beard out, you get drunk, and you act stupid.

**Does Zach drink too much?**

Way too much. Last night he had a carafe of peach schnapps all by himself. He doesn't drink in the day, but at night he's like a Mr. Hyde or Mr. Pibb.

**You're a driver's-ed instructor, but have you ever done anything crazy behind the wheel?**

Once on Halloween I had a Richie Rich mask on while I was driving.

**What's your idea of fun?**

I coach high school football, and a lot of times I'll get in there and rough it up with the boys. I'll put on a uniform and tackle them, and we'll all lay in a pile giggling.

**Identical twins usually share a lot**



**of traits. Do you and Zach have anything in common?**

We both like the Fugees, and we both have Dyson vacuum cleaners. As far as other things, do you know what feng shui is?

**Yeah.**

We both don't like that.



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**BADA BING!**

*Spread 'Em Wide Open*  
(Fifth Element) **|||||**

After Carmella Bing unleashes her huge melons in the opening scene, she sets the standard for what follows by probing herself with a big dildo and then ushering in her partner for a jackhammering. Although she sometimes puts on a bit more porn-queen posturing than is necessary—such as grossly overacting her orgasms—her sexual acrobatics, like the popular ankles-behind-the-head gambit, go a long way toward making her scene worthwhile. Following Bing with the tiny-breasted Kat is a bold move that turns spicy. Keep an eye peeled for Kat's acrobatics when her partner flips her over his shoulder for a standing sixty-nine—it catapults their scene into Cirque du Soleil territory. Haley Scott is certainly up for anything, too, deep-throating her partner before some missionary-style balling, then finally settling into a bout of buggery that leaves her screaming for more. The scenes' formulaic setup of masturbation followed by fucking makes the proceedings a bit more predictable than we'd like, but *Spread 'Em Wide Open* is a sloppy, sexy, whack-worthy bit of fun nonetheless.

**WALK ON THE WILD SIDE**

*Muff Bumpers*  
(Freaky Deaky Entertainment) **|||||**

The razor-thin line between gonzo porn and wall-to-wall porn becomes mad-deningly blurred when the handheld camerawork that defines the former is introduced into the latter for no apparent reason. Throw in the gonzo plot conceit that hot young pedestrians will perform sex acts with strangers—on film, for money—and you get the gist of this DVD. As a sex show, *Muff Bumpers* satisfies all tastes in sapphic shenanigans. Jersey James and Malibu cover the SoCal blonde angle, discussing the pros and cons of the camel toe before demonstrating the proper penetration and stuffing thereof. Nani and April Blossom make a dusky little pair, licking, lapping, and face-sitting their way through one of the best vignettes, while Daisy Layne and Cassie Courtland explore a more rough-and-tumble relationship. This is a serviceable collection of snatch-stopping. Just fast-forward through the bogus setups.

**SNATCH AS SNATCH CAN**

*Snatch*  
(Adam & Eve) **|||||**

Julie Night, Pappy Holmes, and the mega-adorable Taryn Thomas have the raunchiest—and best—scene in this rollicking disc. The combination of Night and Thomas would be volcanic in any context, but the cunt-lapping, dick-smoking, and wild anal sex performed here show that they've indeed chosen the right path in life. Night lives up to her usual high standards in a large group scene as well, whether she's having a cock stuffed down her throat or on the receiving end of some quality head. One of the surprises here is Darryl Hanah, a fuckstress with solid fellatio skills who would be worth a wank even if she didn't pass as a look-alike for her Hollywood namesake. This is one you can start in the middle and still appreciate for the good time it is. **O+**

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at [PenthouseStore.com](http://PenthouseStore.com).

**|||||** Grab it now **|||||** Hold on tight **||||** Pick it up **|||** Worth a look **|** Hands off



# Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

After a brief time-out, Dana wanted more—and I was happy to oblige. I stayed the night and lost count of how many orgasms we had between us. The next morning we showered and before getting dressed, I pulled Dana down on top of me in a sixty-nine and we sucked each other off.

Dana's appetite for sex was almost insatiable. During the next three days of the seminar, the only time I saw my room was when I needed clean clothes. We spent every break and lunch hour fucking in her room. In the evenings, we met for drinks and then spent the night going at it.

On our last day together, Dana told me she would never forget me, and that I was the best lover she ever had. Well, Dana was certainly the best piece of ass I ever had—and probably will never have again. But who knows? She has my number, and I'm hoping she gives me a call so we can pick up where we left off.—*M.D., Ohio*

## DESPERATELY SEEKING SEX

One Friday after work, about ten of us went out for drinks. By 11 P.M., Martina and I were the only ones left at the bar. We'd been good friends for a few years and confided in each other frequently, so when Martina, who

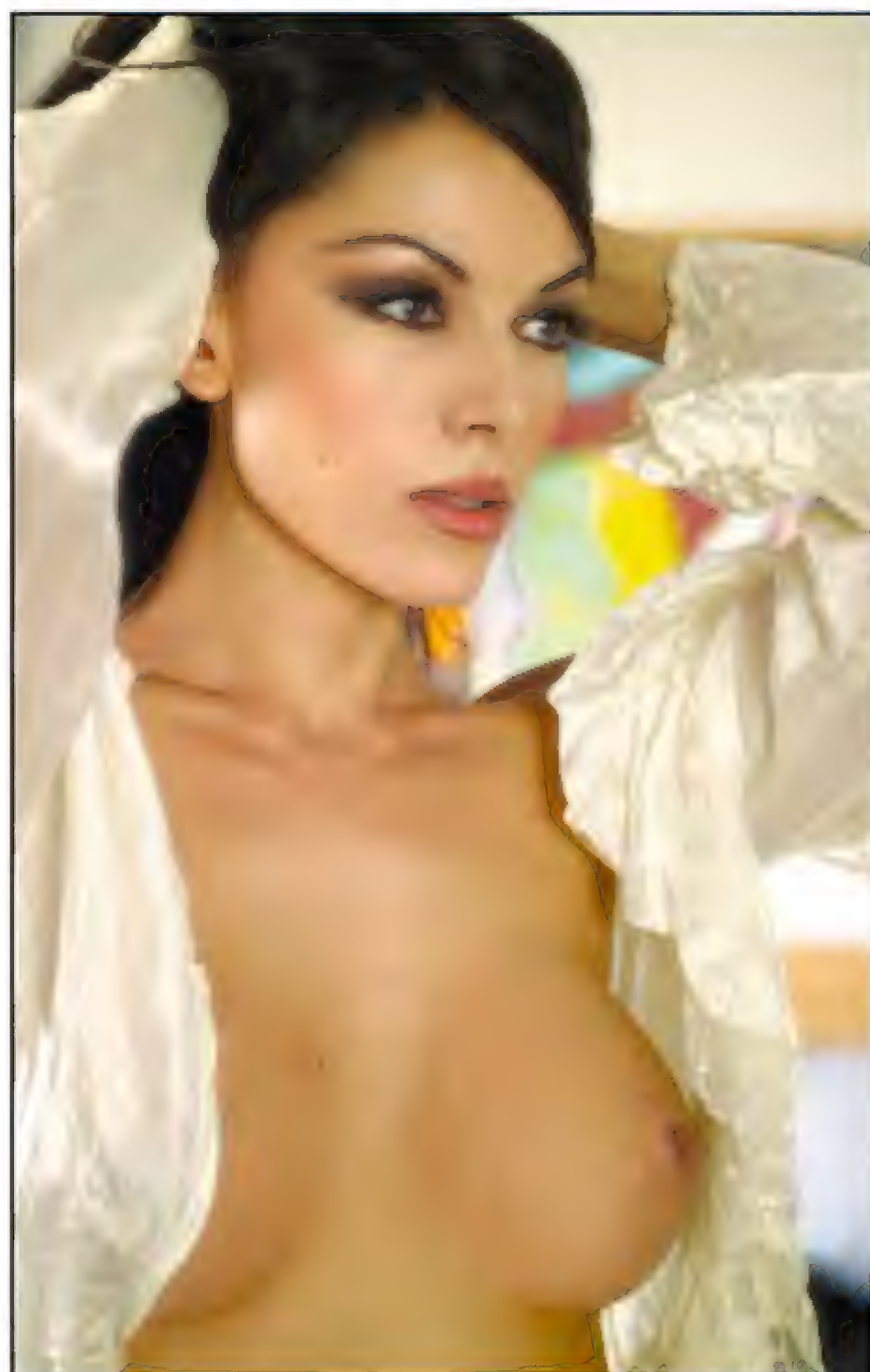
had been separated from her husband for several months, told me how horny she'd been lately and how desperate she was to get laid, I immediately thought about my ultimate fantasy: watching my husband Ray fuck another girl. This looked like the perfect opportunity to turn my fantasy into reality.

I told Martina that we might be able to help each other. After sharing my fantasy with her and seeing how excited she got, I invited her to spend the night with Ray and me. Martina had met Ray on several occasions and quickly accepted my invitation. What girl wouldn't? My husband is as good-looking as they come. I called Ray to inform him that we were *both* going to get lucky tonight!

When we got to my place, I asked Ray to fix us some drinks while I took Martina to our bedroom, and grabbed a couple of Ray's rugby jerseys for us to put on. Martina is beautiful and has a lovely, petite figure with small round breasts and succulent nipples. But it was Martina's clean-shaven cunt that was guaranteed to drive Ray wild. Ray has wanted to shave my pussy for some time, but we reached an impasse when I agreed—only if he let me shave *his balls*!

We joined Ray in the living room for our drinks. Considering what we were about to do, we weren't nervous. But the air was sexually charged. I told

“After sharing **my fantasy with her** and seeing how **excited she got**, I invited her to **spend the night** with my husband.”



Ray that Martina had great tits and asked her to show them to Ray. Without missing a beat, Martina stood up, pulled the jersey over her head, and shook out her shoulder-length hair. Ray, who had been sporting a noticeable bulge in his pants since we came in, said, “Oh yeah, great tits, but *awesome* pussy.” I had to agree, her smooth snatch looked really sexy.

Then Ray stood up to show Martina how eager he was to fuck her. He pulled down his pants to reveal his eight-inch cock, which was now standing at full attention. That's all we needed to get the party started.

“Oh, I'd love to have that big cock inside me!” Martina exclaimed. Ray sat down on the couch and Martina moved toward him. With her back to him, she straddled Ray's lap and slowly took in his dick, moaning with pleasure every inch of the way. The sight made me so horny that I took off my shirt, stood behind them, and

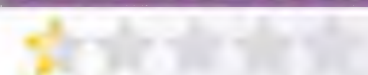
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## BIG SAUSAGE PIZZA



This take on the sausage-in-the-box caper is an XL disappointment. Yummy girls, all VERY surprised to find the weenie in the pie, but still not worth the price of a Hot Pocket.

## REALITY WIFE



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jammed three fingers inside my wet, quivering cunt.

"Oh, Grace!" Martina moaned. "Ray's cock feels so good inside me. It's been so damn long!" She gripped Ray's thighs and raised herself up and down on his cock. Watching my husband have sex with my friend was making me hotter and hotter. I finger-fucked myself faster and rubbed my clit harder. Suddenly, Martina cried out as she came.

Ray was still holding on by sheer willpower while Martina caught her breath. I now had a clear view of Ray's cock in Martina's pussy and of her hard little clit. I certainly did not have a threesome in mind when I brought Martina home, but when I looked up at Ray and saw the excitement in his eyes, I reached over and started massaging Martina's clit. When she closed her eyes and her head fell back, I gently took Martina's clit into my mouth.

"Oh, shit! Yes! Suck my clit, Grace!" she cried as she rotated her

hips against my eager mouth. My first taste of another woman was incredibly exciting. I'd never gone down on a girl before, but I knew how I liked Ray to eat me out, so I just did the same to Martina. It must have worked, because Martina began breathing hard and humping my face. Poor Ray was gritting his teeth and gripping the cushions as he began thrusting hard into Martina's juicy cunt. By this time I was rubbing my own clit with abandon and having a hard time keeping my mouth on Martina's snatch.

Then we hit the trifecta. I think Martina started it when her body trembled and she cried out that she was coming. Ray bellowed and gave Martina three long, deep thrusts before he finally relaxed. And I had the most intense orgasm from the double treat of watching them fuck and touching myself. It was absolutely the best sex I'd ever watched! And there was another bonus—I got to lap up their combined juices as they ran down Ray's cock and balls.

"I'd never **gone down** on another girl before, but I knew **what I liked** Ray to do, so I just **did the same** to Martina."



Now I could write about what happened after the three of us headed to the bedroom for the night, but that's another story that will have to wait until my next letter. Suffice to say, everyone was satisfied in the end. But I'm still not going to let Ray shave *my* snatch!—G.T., New York

## SOPHOMORE HUMP

When I was a senior in college I was always short on cash, so during breaks I either stayed on campus or went to friends' houses if they lived close by. I spent my last spring break at my roommate Nolan's house. We'd been living together for two years and although I'd never been to his house, we got along great and I expected that staying with him would be a fun time—I just had no idea how much fun.

Nolan's mom was supposed to pick us up at the train station, but at the last minute she was called out of town on business. Nolan's father was working late, so that left his sister, Mariah. I knew Nolan had a younger sister who attended a different college. I'm not sure what I expected her to look like, but Mariah was beautiful, with wavy blonde hair and the athletic figure of a video vixen. She'd just come from playing tennis and was wearing a tight tank top and shorts that showed off the longest legs I'd ever



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seen. I tried to imagine how it would feel to have those long legs wrapped around me while I fucked her into next week and beyond.

The 45-minute drive went fairly quickly. While Nolan and his sister played catch-up, I sat in the passenger seat, checking out Mariah's profile and legs. When I was able to get a word in, we found that she and I actually had similar interests.

Ten minutes after we got to the house, Nolan's father pulled into the driveway and it was time to eat. After the introductions and small talk, Nolan ordered pizza for dinner and showed me to my room.

I sat across from Mariah in the dining room and couldn't stop staring at her big tits in her snug tank top. Whenever we made eye contact, she gave me the sexiest smile. It was becoming increasingly difficult for me to ignore the heat building in my groin, but I tried to hold up my end of the conversation. Just as I was wondering when I could make a move on her, I felt her bare foot slide up my leg and into my lap! I was barely able to mask my surprise and was saved only by Mariah and Nolan's father telling them to clear the table.

After dinner, Nolan and I went down to the rec room to watch a horror movie on the family's huge plasma screen, and we turned off the lights for full effect. I was trying to come up with an excuse to go find Mariah when she came downstairs to join us. Nolan was sitting in a beanbag chair

and I had the couch to myself, so I scooted over a little and she sat right next to me. The only thing wrong with the scenario was that Nolan was still in the room with us.

It started to get chilly, so Mariah leaned on me and tucked those endless legs of hers under her beautiful body. I pulled the blanket that had been draped over the back of the couch across our lap, and under its cover, Mariah slowly stretched her legs out over mine and began caressing my thigh. My cock had grown semi-hard as soon as she walked into the room, but now I had a raging hard-on under the blanket. It took all of my will and Nolan's annoying presence for me to resist climbing on top of her.

Mariah slowly and quietly unzipped my fly, slid her fingers into my pants, and started stroking my rock-hard cock. She playfully wrapped her fingers around it and started rubbing the head of my dick. Between the fear of getting caught by Nolan and Mariah's skillful handjob, I could barely resist gasping as I came in her hand. Thank God the movie was almost over, and I was able to go directly to my room before Nolan turned on the light.

The next morning, I found a note on my door informing me that Nolan had gone shopping with his father. Thinking I was alone, I pulled off my shirt and shorts and wrapped a towel around my waist before heading for the bathroom to shower. As soon as I reached the door, I heard the water running and realized that someone had beaten me to it. I peeked in and saw a pink thong on the floor next to a tank top. I dropped my towel, pulled the shower curtain back, and stepped in behind Mariah. She seemed to be expecting me because she turned to me and smiled.

I reached for her firm breasts and rubbed my thumbs over her erect nipples. My heart began to race as we kissed, and my fingers traveled down her slick body to cup her tight ass. Mariah slowly got down on her knees and stroked my cock, then took it into her mouth. It felt so good when she closed her lips around my shaft, slowly licked from the base of my penis up to the head, and took me deeper into her mouth. I was rock-hard when she started deep-throating my throbbing cock, and I came dangerously close to climaxing without experiencing what it would feel like to be inside this gorgeous girl.

Panting with excitement, I pulled Mariah to her feet and backed her against the shower wall. She raised one leg and I hooked my arm under it to help her balance before driving my

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cock deep into her. She moaned and I felt a shiver run through her body and mine. With our mouths glued together, I started thrusting deeper and deeper. It felt amazing being inside her and I tried to make it last, but all too soon, I exploded and we pressed against each other until the water began to run cold.

I pulled Mariah out of the shower, carried her back to my room, and placed her, soaking wet, on the bed. I

yet, and I continued thrusting until I felt the pressure building in my balls. When I told her I was about to come, she pushed me back and took my cock into her mouth one final time. I was deep in her throat when I blew my load. Mariah swallowed every drop and licked my cock clean.

We shared one more kiss before taking another shower. A half-hour later, Nolan and his father returned. That was one of the best mornings of my

got the chance to get away together. The event went incredibly well.

There were five couples, two single women, and one single guy named Max who looked close to 30, had light-brown hair, gorgeous blue eyes, and a body of steel. When my demo ended around midnight, the host invited everyone to stay a little longer and mingle. Jason and I agreed to stay for a couple of drinks.

Around 1:30 A.M., someone threw in a porno and everyone took up positions on the sofas, the chairs, or on the floor cushions in the expansive game room. We were seated on the second sofa.

Thirty minutes into the film, I looked around and noticed some couples passionately kissing and groping. One woman had moved from her seated position next to her husband onto the floor in front of him, pulled out his penis, and started giving him head. Her action seemed to signal the green light for other couples that playtime was at hand. Everywhere I looked, clothes were coming off and couples were getting off.

Jason and I looked on in amazement. I whispered to Jason, "What should we do?"

"Well, when in Rome ..." he said.

**"Thirty minutes into the film ... playtime was at hand. Everywhere I looked, clothes were coming off and couples were getting off."**

lowered myself between her legs and began licking her clit and finger-fucking her. She moaned and pushed against my mouth. Her head fell back and her back arched up off the bed. Then she relaxed and I gently kissed my way up her stomach until our lips melded together and we shared a passionate kiss. As she sucked on my tongue, I plunged into her again.

My thrusts picked up momentum and Mariah screamed, "Harder, harder! Do it harder!" I did. Soon enough she was coming, but I wasn't done

life, and to this day, Nolan has no idea what happened.—N.V., via the Internet

#### WHEN IN ROME

I sell sex toys and other items for women. Part of being a good salesperson is knowing your product. One of the perks in this business is that my husband Jason and I get to do a lot of product testing.

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With that, I unfastened his pants and freed his cock. I wrapped my hand around his swollen shaft and smothered him with my mouth, stroking and sucking him with abandon. I ran my tongue up his shaft and back down to his balls, taking one nut then the other into my mouth.

I noticed Max, seated in a chair across from us, watching me work my magic on Jason. Everyone else had adjourned to other rooms in the house, and we three were the only ones left in the game room. Max smiled as he watched me suck Jason's rock-hard erection. He was stroking what looked to be an eight-inch hard-on himself, and I couldn't take my eyes off him.

I whispered to Jason that we were being watched. He smiled, looked over toward Max, and asked me, "What do you want to do?"

"I've always wanted to go to Rome," I replied with a mischievous smile.

Jason smiled right back at me and signaled for Max to join us. Max came over and sat next to me, placing me between him and Jason. I lay back, resting my legs on Max's lap, and returned to orally massaging Jason's cock. Max ran his hand up my inner thigh to the button on my pants.

I stood up to allow Max to pull off my pants and panties, now totally drenched. I returned to the sofa, this time with Max between my legs. Max

swelling monster. Suddenly Max groaned, his body stiffened, and he shot his load deep into my throat. I sucked and licked every last drop of his sweet flavor.

Max moved back to the couch and sat down. Jason had me on the floor on all fours with my head in Max's lap. Jason moved behind me and slid into my swollen and ready love hole. As he pushed into me, I massaged Max's now-receding erection. My breath was shallow again, but Jason's momentum had increased. With precise timing, Jason and I exploded in orgasm. I could feel his warm jizz fill me completely before exhaustion took hold of him.

The three of us shared a restful night together before saying good-bye. I kissed Max and thanked him for what was truly a wonderful and unforgettable night.—K.V., Illinois

**"I dropped my towel** and reached for her... We kissed, and **my fingers traveled** down **her slick body** to cup her tight ass."

ran his fingers across my pussy, then sank his tongue deep inside me. I could barely hold back my scream.

As Max licked and sucked my pussy, I continued to give Jason the best blowjob ever. Max slid one, then two fingers inside me as his tongue danced over my clit. It wasn't long before I was ready to explode and breathlessly cried out that I needed to be fucked.

I pushed Max away and then, lying on my side with Jason firmly in my mouth, I let Max slip inside me. With my head on his thigh, I kept Jason firmly in my grasp as Max pumped his cock into me. My juices covered Max's groin and my thighs. He continued to plunge in and out of me, each thrust going deeper and more forceful than the last. I could feel every ridge, every vein of Max's cock as he moved against the inner walls of my forbidden sanctuary. I could no longer hold back. I burst into a wave of tremors that left me breathless and weak for a few minutes.

Max slid out of me and stood up. I had Jason sit in the middle of the couch and then, with my back toward him, I straddled him and engulfed his member with my well-lubricated pussy. Max stood before me. I cupped his balls and covered as much of his massive erection as I could with my mouth. I rocked my hips back and forth as Jason pushed up into me, all the while keeping up a steady, firm pressure on Max's throbbing hard-on with my tongue and lips. My hand was wrapped tightly around the base as I gently stroked Max's

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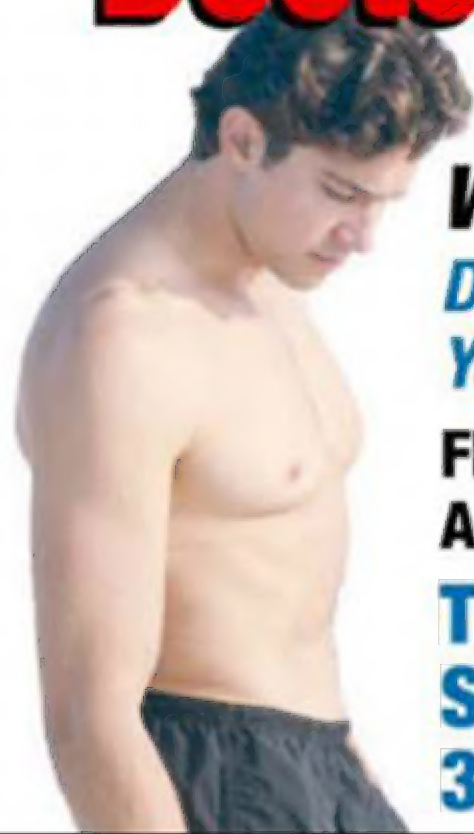
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# Doctor Discovers Pill For Male Enlargement!



**PRO+PLUS PILLS WILL WORK FOR YOU!**  
**WE OFFER A 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

**Doctor Approved Pill For Penis Enlargement up to 5 Inches!**  
**You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!**

**FEATURED ON 20/20 TELEVISION. SIZE MATTERS. LENGTH AND GIRTH ARE IMPORTANT. LARGER IS MORE DESIRABLE.**  
**THE ORIGINAL AND WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING PENIS ENLARGEMENT PILLS WITH OVER 30 YEARS EXPERIENCE.**

## HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS WORK FOR YOU?

In what has been described as a miracle, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissue longer and wider with a larger supply of blood so that you will gain up to 5 inches. **You can make that miracle happen!** You can have the size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL. WE GUARANTEE IT!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. Men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Penetrate deeper and see how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

## HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE FOR MY MAXIMUM ENLARGEMENT?

In a couple of weeks the change will be the width and longer lasting erections. After a month or two you will see a change in the length and again you will be thicker and wider. After the third month a very noticeable change, not just in size, but you will look firmer, stronger than you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

## WHAT EXACTLY ARE THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team, PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal enlargement formula that increases size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Manganian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

## WHICH FORMULA IS BEST FOR YOU?

### PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA

Our exclusive advanced formula for men with a form of HYPOSPADIAS or small penis since they were young. Size now is less than 6 inches and need a guarantee of accelerated enlargement to reach a much larger size. Can also be used by men larger than 6 inches and need guaranteed maximum enlargement.

### PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA

This formula is for men who are now 6 inches or more and want to be guaranteed maximum enlargement. **PRO+PLUS ENLARGEMENT PILLS** are produced to give you a premium quality scientifically formulated product that can help you achieve all of your enlargement goals.

Please see our ingredients and to order at [www.proplusmedical.com](http://www.proplusmedical.com) or [www.pluspills.com](http://www.pluspills.com)

## OUR 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

**IMPORTANT!** There are many imitations. If you do not see a 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE then you DO NOT have a money back guarantee.

**OUR GUARANTEE:** If you are not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within 2 months and receive a full 100% refund including shipping.

## WHAT WILL PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- ▶ A longer, thicker penis enlargement up to 5 inches or more!
- ▶ A longer and thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- ▶ You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow, your erections grow harder.
- ▶ Erections when you want them. Rock-hard erections every time.



## HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

Because you are larger you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-Spot. These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. Knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

Manufactured in the USA in high-tech facilities producing thousands of pills and liquids every day and meets the highest standards of purity established by the National Research Council, United States Pharmacopeia, National Formulary and the Food Chemical Codex.

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## LETTERS FROM SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

You have a real winner. I'm 8 inches and much thicker. My girl friend wants it all the time She doesn't know how I did it. -LD, Nevada

Thank you very much. I have always been considered small, about 4 inches. I have an enlargement now to 8 inches from taking the Advanced Formula. -T.C. Illinois



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 TOTAL 240 pills

### PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA

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 3 bottles (3 months supply) \$120.00  
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☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) \$160.00  
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.  
 SEND FREE 1 bottle - Total 240 Pills

### PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA \$

☐ 1 bottle (1 month supply, 60 pills) \$60.00  
☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) \$120.00  
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.  
 SEND FREE 1 bottle - Total 240 Pills

### EXTRA BOTTLES OF PRO+PLUS PILLS

ORIGINAL FORMULA Add \$40.00 for each bottle

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ADVANCED FORMULA Add \$55.00 for each bottle

\_\_\_\_\_ BOTTLES \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Please Specify Quantities: **SPECIAL OFFER! Only \$25.00 each**

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NAME (print)

ADDRESS

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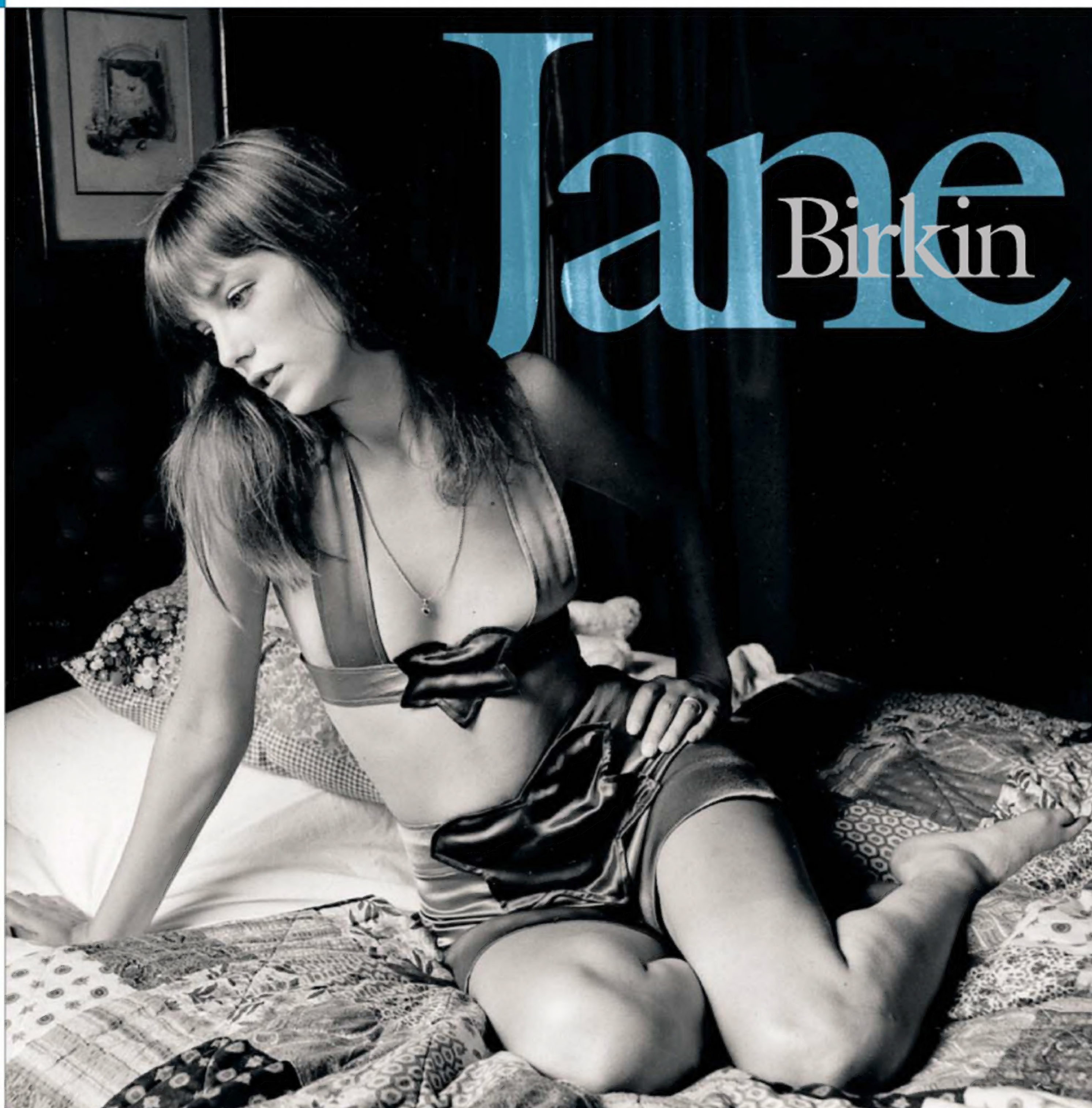
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In theory, sex appeal is easy. But no one possessed it with more ease than Jane Birkin, the alluring ingenue who made people pant with a few breathy moans and some French pillow talk. Your girlfriend knows her as the namesake of the Hermès handbag at the top of her wish list, but you should know her, too, as the original British gamine, an actress who showed the world just how sexy sex could be.

Birkin's lasting legacy to cinematic history was her full-frontal nudity in *Blowup*, part of a brief threesome that outraged censors, while her particular brand of erotic ennui helped define the "swinging London" era. Birkin's film career was brief, but she won immortality on vinyl as Serge Gainsbourg's duet partner and lover in "Je T'aime ... Moi Non Plus," a

steamy paean to rumpling the sheets. When she moans, "*Tu vas et tu viens / Entre mes reins*," you don't need to know a word of French to know what she wants. And by the time the song climaxes, it sounds like she does, too, which prompted—you guessed it—bans on the song in several countries. It hit No. 1 in Britain and can still be heard on remixes everywhere.

Birkin's carefree, organic sexiness eludes too many of today's overdone starlets, but can be found in perhaps her greatest works: daughters Charlotte Gainsbourg (the love interest in *The Science of Sleep*) and model Lou Doillon, both of whom inherited their mother's knack for seduction. It's—how do you say?—*tout naturel*. O+